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SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XLVI.

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VOL. CCLXIV.

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UNFORGOTTEN.

When my heart wearies, and to rest
are gone
The friends I loved in youth and leaned
upon—

One after one, the faces bright life
gave
Into the soundless nothing of the
grave;

When only mothlike through my mind
do flit
Age-shadowed memories to solace it:
Ev'n then, ev'n then, I think thine eyes
will be
As dark, as tender, and as dear to me.

When my hand trembles, and no task
remains
But needs more cunning than its palm
contains;
When every step I take but echoes,
"Lo!
How lightly and gladly did we long-
since go!"

Ay, when my head upon an arching
spine
Nods in the glass unto a face scarce
mine:—
Despite all these hard things, one dear
shall be
Haunting my helplessness—the ghost
of Thee.

By feeble candle-light to rest I'll get
And in gray dreams walk where the
violet
Blows sweet where once a foolish boy
grew hot
Lest thou, O dear and far, didst love
him not:

I shall not know, in dream, what age
hath done,
But turn to kiss a cheek for ever gone;
And I, perchance, shall take thy hand
and say
Words whereof Death steals not the
breath away.

Walter de la Mare.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

ANGRY.

My Love sits angry—See!
Her foot shakes in the light;
Her timid, little foot,
That else would hide from sight.

Her left hand props her cheek;
Its little finger plays
Upon her under-lip,
And makes a harp-like noise.

Her lips' red manuscript
She has unrolled and spread;
So I may read ill news,
And hang my guilty head.

My Love sits angry—See!
She's red up to her eyes:
And was her face flogged by
The wings of Butterflies?

Her right hand's in her lap.
So small, so soft, so white:
She in her anger makes
Five fingers hide from sight.

Two golden curls have now
Dropped out of their silk net:
There they must stop, for she
Will not restore them yet.

My Love she is so fair,
When in this angry way.
That did she guess my thoughts,
She'd quarrel every day.

W. H. Davies.

SONG.

O Love of my love, O blue,
Blue sky that over me bends!
The height and the light are you,
And I the lark that ascends,
Trembling, ascends and soars,
A heart that pants, a throat
That throbs, a song that pours
The heart out as it sings.
Lo, the dumb world falls remote,
But higher, higher the golden height!
Oh, I faint upon my wings!
Lift me, Love, beyond their flight,
Lift, Oh, lift me in the night.

Laurence Binyon.

AVIATION IN 1909.

1909 has been so eventful in aviation that at its close the French Government was able to offer the citizens of the Republic consolation for being surpassed by Germany in steerable balloons by the announcement of its determination to keep the lead in aerial locomotion with the heavier than the air, destined in its opinion to drive all the military dirigibles off the aerial battlefield. Were the progress in aviation to continue as rapid as it has been during the last twelve months, the day would be fast approaching when the steerable balloon would be at the mercy of the little aeroplane. But whether it is wise for a nation to discount the perfecting of the heavier than air by neglecting the lighter than air as a military auxiliary is quite another question. It is, however, interesting to note what the aeroplane has already done, and can do to-day, and to examine what it must be able to achieve to become an instrument of practical daily utility in time of peace, and to perform all the services expected of it in war.

In 1908 the aeroplane had just done enough to convince the thinking world that aerial locomotion with the heavier than air would be an acquired addition to the already existing means of civilization within a more or less distant or near future. At the end of that year few people thought that future would be near, and now the progress has been so formidable that many persons look forward to a yet more rapid development of aerial locomotion than that which characterized 1909. At the end of 1908 the only aeroplanes which could fly were the Wright, the Voisin, and the Blériot, and this last named machine has done so only spasmodically; and the only aviators who had piloted them were Wilbur Wright, Or-

ville Wright, Henry Farman, Delagrangé, and Blériot. A great many inventors had built other flying machines, but none of them had remained in the air even five minutes. It is difficult, if not impossible, for any one to state correctly the number of aeroplanes of all descriptions which have been constructed in 1909, or the number of men who have learned to pilot them. However, there are still few types of flying apparatuses which can be relied on to ascend into the air and remain there even in fairly calm weather till their pilot may choose to descend, or be constrained to do so by the exhaustion of fuel for the motor. The most renowned amongst them are the Wright, the Voisin, the Henry Farman, the Maurice Farman, the Curtiss, and the Cody biplanes, and the Blériot, the Antoinette, and the Santos Dumont (La Demoiselle) monoplanes. Most remarkable feats have been achieved with those machines, all of which are being constructed in large numbers, to satisfy either the ambition of sportsmen to taste the sweets of flight, or that of men anxious to win some of the prizes at aviation meetings. Wilbur and Orville Wright and the pilots of their machine have flown long and high. Orville Wright has circled round the statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York harbor; and Tissandier on his Wright biplane has flown from Juvisy to Paris and back to Juvisy, after doubling the Eiffel Tower at the altitude of about 1400 feet; Paulhan on a Voisin machine flew in a gale at Bétheny; the same aviator on a Henry Farman biplane repeated that feat at Blackpool, and astonished the world by his performances at Brooklands, and his cross-country flight from Bouy to Chalons and back, during which he rose to the altitude of 1900 feet; Henry Far-

man himself remained in the air at Bétheny 3 h. 4 m., and carried two passengers with him on his biplane in a flight of $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and in the month of November at Camp de Chalons he travelled a distance of $144\frac{1}{4}$ miles in 4 h. 17 m. 54 s., and Sommer at Doncaster won most of the prizes, and carried a large number of passengers one after the other on his Henry Farman machine for flights of various distance and duration. Curtiss, by capturing the Gordon-Bennett Cup, and by winning the speed race at Bétheny, demonstrated that his biplane was a very swift and reliable apparatus, and Cody's performances in England showed that his machine was not a *quantité négligeable*. Maurice Farman has till now abstained from appearing at aviation meetings, and has not competed for any prize, but he has with the biplane of his invention earned the unofficial record for cross-country flight by travelling from Buc to Chartres, and from Chartres to Orleans, to say nothing of his previous cross-country flights in a circuit round Buc, in the course of which he on one occasion covered a distance of more than fifty miles. He thus inaugurated veritable aerial tourism. As for Blériot's monoplanes, the small cross-Channel type has been so often described that it is only necessary to state that its inventor has since his historic flight from Calais to Dover achieved much more remarkable feats with it than the crossing of the English Channel. Hubert Latham has proved that, steered by a skilful pilot, the Antoinette monoplane can weather a gale just as well as the Henry Farman biplane, and that it can rise into the air with as great facility as an aeroplane. Indeed if Paulhan on his Henry Farman biplane attained the altitude of 1968 feet, measured by military officers using theodolites, Hubert Latham holds the officially controlled world's record of altitude by his flight over the Camp

de Chalons, in the course of which he rose to the height of $1459\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Since then, on 7th January last, the same bold aviator piloted his machine over the Camp de Chalons to the formidable altitude of 1000 metres (3281 feet), measured by military officers provided with theodolites for the purpose. The self-registering barometer Latham had on board his monoplane indicated a maximum height of 1100 metres (3609 feet), but it is quite sufficient to take the altitude vouched for by the military authorities. Even this record was, however, beaten in a few days by Paulhan, who, on his Henry Farman biplane, ascended from Los Angeles, in California, to the dizzy height of no less than 1520 metres (4986 feet)! Some people have called these remarkable performances both foolhardy and useless, but if it has not yet been practically demonstrated that in the case of a breakdown of the motor at such a height it is possible for a skilful aviator to bring his machine safely to the ground by utilizing the force of the fall to keep up speed, it is undeniable the performances make it clear the dirigible would in war be at the mercy of the aeroplane. The utility of the exploits, therefore, cannot be denied, especially as it is easy to foresee they will ere long be surpassed, perhaps by Latham and Paulhan themselves or by other equally skilful and bold aviators. Santos Dumont has flown on his butterfly-like monoplane, La Demoiselle, from Saint Cyr to Buc and back, and he also used it to pay a visit to a friend living at a neighboring country house, and thus demonstrated the possibility of using a very small flying apparatus. There is also a flying machine in Austria, with which Grade, its inventor, is said to have made remarkable flights, and it is probable there are one or two other aeroplanes in Europe which are sufficiently perfect to be worthy of attention.

Is it possible to employ all or any of those machines in their present naturally imperfect condition for useful purposes in times of peace or war? I think the answer to that question should be an emphatic "Yes," though the conditions required for the employment of aeroplanes in daily life do not yet exist anywhere. It is true aerodromes are being created at many places in France and England and other countries, but though sufficient for sporting display they are far from answering the requirements of aerial tourism. To encourage it, indeed to render it possible on a large scale, it is necessary to create aerial ports at the gates of all large cities and provincial towns—that is to say, a sufficiently large space clear of all obstacles must be provided in the outskirts of towns to enable the aerial craft to land and to start in safety, and bordering that space there must be sheds to house the flying apparatuses. Then, as there are lighthouses to guide the seafarers, landmarks are required to guide the aerial travellers. What form they should take must be decided by study and experience; but there can be no doubt of their utility, especially as in misty weather it is impossible to see far ahead or even to recognize well-known spots from an altitude of 150 or 250 feet, at which aerial travel will probably be effected. Apart from sport and the pleasure of aerial touring, it is not difficult to imagine many services the aerial craft could render, but in the first place they must be given the possibility of landing and starting safely.

With regard to war, when men find themselves confronted by a hostile army, they are willing to run risks it would be folly to incur in time of peace. Consequently no skilful aviator would hesitate for a moment to take flight from a beleaguered city and steer his course with a compass over the heads

of the besieging army to carry news or military instructions to the friendly forces, even if they were a couple of hundred miles distant. Also he would return by the same aerial route, bringing news and instructions from without. Then again, for reconnoitring, the service of an aeroplane, especially if like the Wright and Henry Farman it could carry a military observer as well as the pilot, would be invaluable. It would be able to approach very near the enemy's lines and would be almost invulnerable by its speed and the height to which it could rise. M. Clementel, the reporter of the war budget to the French Chamber, foresees the aeroplane could serve as the swiftest and surest means of communication between the wings of an army, the headquarters and detachments of troops sent on special mission, &c. He believes it could be used during a battle to discover the exact position of hostile forces hidden from the observer on *terra firma*. No doubt he is right, as he certainly is when he declares it is of the utmost importance that the aeroplane should be rendered yet more reliable than it is and capable of confronting a fairly stiff breeze with safety. He computes that the velocity of the wind in which an aeroplane can fly in safety is only one quarter of its own speed. That estimate is evidently much too low, for Latham, at Camp de Chalons, remained in the air thirty-two minutes and reached the altitude of 1558 feet on 1st December last, while the wind, measured by the French Aero Club officials' anemometer on the ground, was blowing at the velocity of forty-one miles an hour, and certainly at fifty miles an hour at the height to which Latham piloted his machine safely. Paulhan, Henry Farman, Blériot, and others have also flown in strong winds, but little if at all inferior to the speed of their respective machines. Doubtless there are not,

however, a great many aviators having already sufficient experience to pilot an aerial craft safely in such a storm, but their number is increasing and will most surely go on increasing rapidly. Moreover, to be capable of rendering signal service in peace and war, it is not necessary the aeroplane should confront such a gale. A well-balanced aeroplane can be piloted with ease by a fairly skilful and experienced aviator in a wind of twenty-five miles an hour, and there are comparatively few days in the year when the velocity of the wind does not fall considerably below that figure.

The capacity of a flying machine to weather a gale depending so materially on the means employed to ensure its stability in the air, it is interesting to note that the wings of Latham's Antoinette monoplane can be warped to restore the equilibrium of the apparatus, whereas the Henry Farman biplane is provided with ailerons attached to the main bearing surfaces, to keep it on an even keel, and yet both those machines behave admirably in a very strong wind. The same may be said of the Voisin biplane, which depends on its hind cell and the vertical surfaces dividing the main planes into box-like compartments for its lateral stability. M. Clementel nevertheless believes that to render the lateral stability of the aeroplane complete it will be found advisable to use a gyroscope. He says such an apparatus, applicable to flying machines, has been invented by the French Military Aeronautic Corps at Chalais Meudon, but he does not divulge the secret of the machine. A gyroscope having sufficient power to maintain the stability of an aeroplane in the air would necessarily be very heavy. If it consisted in a comparatively light apparatus, destined to operate a mechanism for the warping of the wings or the lowering of ailerons in proportion to the disturbance of the

equilibrium, the dangers attending its working would be very considerable. The gyroscope has not been found applicable to sea-going vessels in which weight is of comparatively no consequence. It therefore seems unreasonable to expect that it could be used with advantage on an aerial craft. I think it will always be as necessary to rely on the skill of the aerial pilot as it is to depend on that of the captain of an ocean-going vessel.

With regard to the motor on which the safety, not only of those who may be on board the aeroplane but of those who are on *terra firma* beneath it, must depend, great progress has been made in 1909. It has been suggested it will be necessary to carry two motors on every flying machine to enable the pilot to keep the apparatus in the air, by driving one at full power in the case of the other breaking down. It is rightly argued that arrangement would at least enable the pilot to choose a safe landing-place, if it did not permit him to continue his flight. The additional weight is not, however, the only objection to that proposal. The mechanical complications it would necessitate are considerable. However, though the idea is one which should not be rejected as entirely impracticable, it should be remembered that the recent experiments of Orville Wright with his machine, Paulhan with his Henry Farman biplane, Latham with his Antoinette monoplane, Blériot with his monoplane, &c., seem to indicate that in the case of the breakdown of the motor the aeroplane can descend without disaster, especially if it is flying fairly high. When skimming the ground at the height of only 30 or 40 feet, the pilot has not sufficient time to utilize the fall as a motive power, and the machine crashes to the ground and is generally wrecked, even if the occupant escapes without great injury. At the altitude of 50, 100, or more feet the pilot, if

he is an experienced and skilful man, has the time necessary to realize the fact of the breakdown of the motor, and by using his horizontal rudder he can keep up the necessary speed of the flying apparatus by the force of the fall, and glide in stages safely to the ground. Indeed on January 7, the same day on which Latham made his sensational flight to the altitude of 3281 feet over the Camp de Chalons, Rougier at Issy les Moulineaux, just outside the gates of Paris, stopped his motor purposely when he had reached the height of 492 feet, and succeeded in bringing his Voisin machine to the ground as gently as if the motor had been kept working. Since that can be done from 500 feet above the ground, there seems no reason why it should be impossible to achieve without accident a descent under similar conditions from any altitude. An ordinary aeroplane with its pilot, motor, supply of essence, oil, &c., weighs about half a ton. Whether it falls from the height of 500 of 5000 feet the result must be about the same. However that may be, it is not to be expected aviation will be an exception to the rule that every step forward in the march of civilization claims its victims. Indeed, alas! Lieutenant Selfridge found his death when the machine, piloted by Orville Wright, on which he was a passenger, came to the ground during the trials for its reception by the United States Government. Since then, within the last four months, four brave men have lost their lives in seeking to perfect the means of aerial locomotion. Lefebvre, the well-known pilot of the Wright machine, perished at Port Aviation (Juvisy) on September 6; Captain Ferber, one of the first men in France to credit the assertions of the Wright Brothers concerning their secret flights, was killed at Boulogne-sur-Mer on September 22; Fernandez, the inventor of a biplane, lost his life at Nice on December

6; and Delagrance, the popular pioneer of the aerial science who, after Santos Dumont and Henry Farman, was the third man to leave the ground in Europe on a flying machine heavier than air, was killed at Croix d'Hins (Bordeaux) on January 4. The cause of the accident which happened to Lefebvre has not been established with any degree of certainty. After rising on his Wright machine to about 30 or 35 feet, the aeroplane, for some unknown reason, plunged straight to the ground. It is presumed that the mechanism of the horizontal rudder had either broken or refused to work, paralyzing the efforts of the aviator. Captain Ferber met his death while his Voisin machine was still rolling on the ground to get up speed for flight. It encountered a deep rut, which caused it to turn a somersault, in the course of which the pilot was crushed by the motor. Fernandez perished in an accident similar to that which happened to Lefebvre—that is to say, the cord working the horizontal rudder broke while in the air, entailing the immediate fall of the biplane of his invention to the ground, which killed him on the spot. As for Delagrance, he probably did not realize the danger attending the use of a 50-h.p. motor on a machine built for an engine giving 25 h.p. at most. The Blériot monoplane (the little cross-Channel type) purchased by Delagrance was incapable of bearing for any great length of time the very considerable extra strain put on it by the increased weight of the motor, and above all, by the augmentation of speed given to the apparatus in the air. The machine was, so to say, torn to pieces by the wind. At the moment when the fatal accident happened the spectators saw with dismay one of its wings give way, causing the machine, which was travelling at a speed of between 53 and 55 miles an hour, to lose its balance and fall to the ground with

tremendous force. It may be natural that the people who buy aeroplanes should seek to improve them, but all constructors tell their clients it is dangerous to modify or suppress even a wire stay. Many accidents will be avoided if they heed that warning. At any rate, the man who may modify his aeroplane with the hope of improving it would do well to have it examined by the builder before trusting his life to it.

Paulhan's marvellous exploit in ascending to the altitude of 4986 feet on his Henry Farman biplane, provided with a Gnome rotative motor giving 50 h.p., and thus surpassing not only the altitude record for aeroplanes, but also that of 4921 feet for steerable balloons held by Capazza, has naturally drawn attention to the question of the diminution of the power of the motor at great altitudes. The Gnome Motor Company has considerable experience in the matter. One of its ordinary paraffin motors, installed on the Himalaya Mountains at the altitude of about

4000 metres (13,124 feet), gives about 30 per cent. less power than on the sea level. In constructing ordinary stationary paraffin motors this firm allows for a diminution of 10 per cent. of power at the altitude of 2625 feet, 20 per cent. at 5742 feet, 30 per cent. at 9187 feet, 40 per cent at 13,124 feet, and 50 per cent. at 16,400 feet. The loss of the power of the motor must evidently be in proportion to the diminution of the density of the air, which, as is well known, decreases in proportion to the altitude. There are many other unsolved problems entailed in altitude flights. In proportion to the rarefaction of the air the propeller meets with less resistance, and consequently gives a less powerful thrust, but the aerial craft itself meets with less resistance in its progress through the thinner air. On the other hand, with every foot of increased altitude the bearing surfaces lose a fraction of their capacity to maintain the flying apparatus in the air, if the speed is not proportionally increased.

Blackwood's Magazine.

T. F. Farman.

GREECE — RENAISSANCE OR REVOLUTION?

"Something is rotten in the state of . . ."

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3.

"Tout passe, tout casse et le Dieu s'amuse." 'Tis a hard saying, but in this age of cynicism those few grim words meet with more appreciation than is their due. Everywhere around us we meet with disillusionment and disenchantment. The echo of the warning, "keep your ideals," sounds but dim and faint. We look forward to a re-union with some old friend: we find him changed past recognition. And as with individuals, so with countries. Perchance we have read the glorious lines of Homer, the majestic grandeur of Æschylus, the poignant pathos of

Sophocles, and with those golden memories the years slip by. Perchance we have traced in our youth the marches of the great Alexander, and have speculated what might have been the fate of the world had he lived to encounter Rome in his desire to stretch his conquests towards the West. It seemed that with him Greek history ended, and so it was many a day before we delved into the dim centuries, and saw the decay of the once brilliant race. The first taste of disgust was on our lips. Was there another idol found fitted with legs of clay? Then came the heroic

struggle for independence, but, alas! the faint hopes revived by this were doomed to disappointment. The years which succeeded the battle of Navarino were marred by the disgraceful intrigues and struggles among the leaders. It seemed that Juvenal's *Graeculus Esuriens* had appeared in actual form before us, and the vigorous spirit of the peasantry, which had alone ensured the continuation of the war, was the only factor remaining which showed the promise of better things. At last the scene opened once more on a brighter vision; and memory turned to that glorious summer day when, beneath the old Turkish town of Nauplia, with the full accord of the three most powerful Governments in Europe, and with the heartfelt sympathy of every Christian, the young King Otho was brought to the vacant throne, and the dark cloud of war, which had covered the land so long, rolled away, to leave Greece bathed in the warm rays of peace.

But now another ideal is shattered. The history of these later days has falsified the bright hopes of a recovery of those glorious traditions. The Near East has proved a perfect hot-bed of jealousies, intrigues, and warring interests—a hot-bed which has yielded an abundant crop of violent acts. Bloodshed in Macedonia, incessant discontent in Crete, outbreaks in Samos, murmurs in Cyprus! A fine programme indeed with Greece as protagonist. Nor have the other Balkan countries remained idle. Crisis has followed crisis with inconceivable rapidity. We have heard the cry of "a big Bulgaria," have witnessed the *coup de main* of the Young Turks, have been thrilled with the crowning tragic downfall of the Sultan, until during these last two months we have watched Greece lying in the throes of what has been variously described as regeneration, or renaissance, but which more

fitly should be named a revolution.

The affairs of Greece to-day are in a most critical condition, for, added to the serious state of things brought about by the Officers' League, there is the everlasting Cretan question to consider. And here the great Powers must be blamed, for they have tried to please both parties, and as a natural result neither is satisfied. They guaranteed the integrity of the Island as a portion of the Ottoman Empire, while at the same time they have nourished the hopes of its ultimate independence. One is irresistibly reminded of a famous situation in *The Critic*: "There's an heroic group! You see, the ladies can't stab Whiskerandos—he durst not strike them, for fear of their uncles—the uncles durst not kill him; because of their nieces. I have them all at a deadlock, for every one of them is afraid to let go first!" The Powers, Greece and Turkey, are all at a deadlock, and who dare let go first? The Porte has urged the Powers to settle the question upon the lines indicated before the withdrawal of the international troops. But it is now too late. Such a course is recognized by all as being too dangerous, as any such action by the Powers would revive the agitation for annexing Crete to the Hellenic kingdom. It is useless to try to serve God and Mammon, and the Chancelleries of the *entente* are now in difficulties, for while the present unrest exists in Greece, it will be hopeless to attempt the administration of her external affairs.

But of Crete much has been written: and for the moment her fate lies on the knees of the gods. It is with the Mother Country we have to deal. Then what is the truth regarding her? It would be too much to say that she is rotten to the core, but there are many grave faults and defects which must be righted. A study of the last ninety years of her history is a study of oppor-

tunities culpably wasted—a study which is miserable in the extreme. To few nations have been granted such exceptional chances: few nations have misused them so utterly, as even the warmest Phil-Hellene must acknowledge. There is an insidious corruption which has spread throughout every branch of public life. The judicial system, to put the case mildly, is grossly inefficient. The Press is at the service of the man with the longest purse. The Army and Navy are disorganized, ill-equipped, and mutinous. Signs of material progress, of which the casual tourist speaks so loudly, are deceptive, merely veneering almost hopeless iniquities beneath. It is not that the curious vitality which has always characterized Hellenism has departed; on the contrary, it is as active as ever, but it seems to manifest itself in an abnormal way. Indeed, one is constantly reminded by some exultant Greek newspaper that Hellenism is like the "Lernaean Hydra"; as fast as one limb is lopped off, ten grow in its place. But it would be as well for the gentry who flatter themselves on their likeness to such a dubious personality to remember that the said Hydra came to a very unpleasant end. The only hope for Greece as a civilized nation is that this vitality may be turned into proper channels. There is much in the political situation which tends to distract the attention of outsiders from the real state of affairs, and therefore the laudation paid to the reform party by the Press of Europe is particularly repellent to those who have lived long enough in Greece to see the inside of the whitened sepulchre. It is distressing for those acquainted with the meaning of the military movement to see the dynasty and the leading politicians held up to obloquy in the newspapers, while the Officers' League is hailed as the great instrument for the conservation of the country.

The most casual observer must have seen that the so-called reformers have resorted to grossly unconstitutional means in order to force their programme on the nation. In that there is no harm, for one must admit that, should they nourish a genuine desire to aid their country, and should they be actuated solely by noble and patriotic feelings, they would rank with Shevket Pasha and the Young Turks as benefactors of their native land. A brief investigation into the history and aims of the Officers' League will throw a flood of light not only upon the immediate situation, but will make apparent some reasons for the general unrest and discontent in the country, and will place the efforts of the Royal Family in a much more favorable aspect than might be imagined from a perusal of the articles issued by those hostile to the dynasty.

In the first place, an altogether erroneous impression is generally prevalent in England at present that the Officers' League is the outcome of a new movement, a *deus ex machina*, as it were, to save Greece. In reality it is an old friend in a new form—not unlike, one might almost say, a wolf in sheep's clothing. Just as the famous Hetairia was responsible in the beginning for the great national effort in 1821, so a more debased Hetairia, the Ethniké, hurled the country into the disastrous war of '97: and to this same society can be traced all the trouble and disturbance of the last twelve years. The members, who for the most part are recruited from among the young officers of both forces, have fostered the militant spirit in the various committees connected with the Macedonian bands; nay, have even led the bands themselves, while all the time the wire-pullers have been manipulating the Press (by no means the independent organ it is believed to be) in every con-

ceivable manner. The fruits of this work are apparent by the most cursory glance in any Blue Book dealing with South-Eastern Europe, and the extraordinary slackness of the officials in allowing such a state of affairs to occur is exposed in the most ruthless manner. It would not be difficult to name half-a-dozen cafés in Athens where the talk every night is a curious mixture of *gasconade* and real desire for expansion; while the ends and aims of masonic lodges are perverted by red-hot debates on "*les droits d'Hellénisme*." So it is throughout the country: here is a cellar stored with arms for Macedonia, there is a sloop used for gun-running into Albania. The Officers' League is merely a more practical expression of the *Ethniké*, which has previously preferred to work in the dark, but has now for good or ill decided to emerge from its obscurity.

So it is to these men that Greece must look for her redemption. Looking at their past record—the long roll of murders, and outrages in Macedonia—is it possible that one may regard their future movements without more than a trace of suspicion? Let it be granted that Greece needs thorough reform, still, is it faintly probable that these leaders possess the great faculty of reading the signs of the times aright, and of acting resolutely? We hear much of Colonel Zorbas and of Zaponzaki, an *aide-de-camp* of the Crown Prince himself, but the past careers of these men are anything but indicative of the fact that either possesses the qualities of a Cromwell. The demands of the Reformers scarcely seem consistent with the aims of regeneration. Their programme is mainly military, and the writing on the wall is not difficult to interpret. In brief, their requirements are as follows:—The resignation of the Crown Prince as Commander-in-Chief; the retirement of the other Princes, and a certain number of

the senior officers; a large increase in the Army Estimates; the establishment of an army of 150,000 men, and a greater number of reservists. The alarmists may probably say that this signifies war with Turkey and a definite challenge to Bulgaria as regards Macedonia, but there is another solution—more mercenary, infinitely more sordid.

Ask the candid critic who has lived some years amongst the Greeks what is the keystone of Greek politics, and his answer, to put it brutally, will be "rousphetia"—a curious word of Turkish origin, which the American would interpret "graft." Alas! throughout Grecian affairs the game is the same, whether played "constitutionally" by the Boulé, or as a result of whatever "reform," "regeneration," "renaissance"—label it as you will—is the work of the Military League or naval mutineers. It is obvious that the resignation of so many senior officers means rapid promotion for those left in the service, whilst the increase in the Army Estimates must at once afford facilities for the officers to acquire commissions and all manner of pickings in the ordering of war supplies and materials. If a large standing army is to be maintained, more posts must be created with increased facilities for financial manipulation, and all this brings grist to the military mill. A suggestion has been made that, since the integrity of Greece is guaranteed by the Powers, she might as well be content with a less pretentious navy; but this would not fit in with the aims of the "Reformers." When the annual Naval Estimates cost less than a quarter of a modern all-big-gun battleship, it doubtless is ridiculous to hanker after *Dreadnoughts*. The attempt, however, to introduce Admiral Fournier's scheme of coast defence with submarines and torpedo destroyers was accorded a humiliating reception; yet any

other programme must infallibly cripple her financial resources. The first attempt of the Officers' League in asking for a larger army is the clearest proof of this inability to effect genuine reforms. Amidst all this pother there is never the slightest sign of civil or judicial reform—and this is most significant.

So far no convincing proof has been vouchsafed of their ability to carry through the much-needed work of reformation. At the time of Lieutenant Typaldos' revolt, and the twentieth-century battle of Salamis, it was no drastic action on the part of Colonel Zorbas that saved the situation. The mutineers threw away their opportunities by supineness and bad arrangements. "Dormitat Homerus," and the bold stroke sinks to a mere fiasco! Let us first see an earnest spirit illuminating their councils: let us see them bent on firm and practical reform in all its branches, political, financial, and judicial; then we may safely leave Greece to perform her mission in the Near East, and to challenge and emulate the advance of Bulgaria and Roumania. If the Officers' League, however, cannot or will not set to work in a genuine way, the outlook is hopeless, and her last state will be worse than the first: the chances of salvation on such lines are hopeless.

We have heard much of the hearty reception which was accorded to the programme submitted by the Military League; but, unfortunately, such approval is in the main merely superficial. It must be remembered that, with about two exceptions, all the Greek newspapers emanate from Athens, and it is to the Athenian newspapers and to interviews with their editors that Europe looks for the national verdict on the movement. But, as of old, the Athenians clamor after any new thing; their opinion is not the national opinion, and a cringing, cowering meeting

of deputies is no criterion of Hellenic feeling. But in the provinces much sympathy has been expressed for the Royal Family: the acts of the League are regarded with mistrust and suspicion, whilst in their places, as in their foreign communities,¹ where "graft" cannot affect them, the Greeks have openly condemned the action adopted by the malcontents.

In coming to discuss the part played by the King, one must remember that he has always prided himself on being a constitutional monarch. That he is this no one can deny, though it may well be that he has carried out the part too far. Could he have done otherwise? The prospect or retrospect when he was placed upon the throne was not encouraging. "Be wery careful o' wid-ders," said Mr. Weller—and it might be that King George was a reader of Dickens. It was no blushing maid to whom he was united, but a lady who had sent her first husband to the right-about, and had thought nothing of it. Company manners soon wore off, and the young King must have quickly learnt the nature of home troubles. Still, to say that he is a King Log is an exaggeration. Along the doubtful course upon which he was embarked there were two buoys on which he must have fixed his eyes, one named Otho and the other Capodistria. Perchance he steered too wide of them, but it must be remembered that a Greek cannot stand interference with internal affairs. Ignorance or carelessness of that fact ruined the young King's predecessors, and he was not minded to follow their example. It is this, perhaps, which has led so many to regard him merely as a genial, courtly country gentleman, rather bored, perhaps, with his position, who signed readily what his ministers placed before him, cheerfully letting the country

¹ Cf. the remarks made by M. Courgiagneo, President of the Greek community in London, and published in the London journals.

go its own way to the devil, and thinking more of his sons than of his subjects. "He is a father before a King," triumphantly wrote an English critic, apparently entirely oblivious of what one greater than he, even Macaulay, wrote in connection with such a statement as that. Anyhow, no criticism can be more misguided, no criticism more cruel. That he is attached to his family is quite true, but it is no attribute of kingship to forget paternal ties. All his life he has been dosed *ad nauseam* with reflections cast upon the actions of himself and his sons, and now in his old age the crowning blow has come; he had to advise—nay rather, to suggest—his son's successor in Crete, and to sign an order ratifying the resignation of the Crown Prince as Commander-in-Chief. Yet all this while he has never forgotten his subjects. Nobly and unostentatiously he has been making the most of his family connections. Religious ties must always bind Russia to Greece, and the marriage with Princess Olga cemented a union which, with characteristic waywardness, the Greeks have since then always resented, although in the past they mistook orthodoxy for nationality, and displayed marked leanings towards Russia. The young King, however, was not satisfied with this: he made use of a sympathy which lies dormant in many hearts, a sympathy infused by Homer, Plato, Æschylus, and Aristophanes, bygone heroes of a bygone age. So it was that though the Press thundered aloud regarding the long list of outrages in Macedonia, King George went the round of friendly States, and, with honeyed diplomacy, soothed the Chancelleries of Europe.

No one was more averse to the Turkish War of '97. It was this distaste, and the disasters attributed to his son (which in reality were due to nothing but the disorganization, the inefficiency,

the "graft" of the Army Council), which well-nigh cost him his throne. Despite all, he quietly and tenaciously stuck to his post and stemmed the tide. No matter that he had to demand the services of an English operator for the dispatch of an important cable; no matter that every word and act was greedily seized upon and misconstrued: the rout at Domoko availed the Turks little; European intervention saved the integrity of Greece. So it was with Crete. Only the foreign monarchs and the foreign ministers could give a real opinion of his endless exertions to secure his people the "great island," and to him, as much as to sentiment, Greece owes the fact that much has been forgiven her. That she has forfeited her position is not the fault of King George. Undoubtedly he has his defects: he may be overthrifty, over-hasty, and nourish too great a preference for big cities and gay watering-places over the barren hills of his adopted country. Nevertheless, there is a pathetic side to the picture: after forty years of struggle he knows that he is tolerated rather than loved; that, unless he risks some loss of dignity, he must abdicate. In the face of all this, he is still toiling to extricate the country from the *impasse*—and it would be impossible to realize with what anxiety the great Powers are watching the success of his endeavors. Any attempt at a prophecy at what might result, were he forced by circumstances to abdicate, would be futile. The League even realizes that such an act might well seal their doom, but the insane pressure on King and Chamber is not a whit relaxed. Bills are hurried through almost at the bayonet's point, but Colonel Zorbas and his *confrères* are not satisfied. The deputies resignedly reply: "We have passed 163," but yet more are submitted, and sent up for the Royal signature. Hurried legislation will not

save the country, and as humiliation after humiliation is heaped upon the King, the Powers are forced to recognize that he cannot endure it for ever. Luckily his patriotism has stood the burden so far: he realizes that abdication on his part would be the signal for the end. Whatever his faults, whatever his fate, when one recalls his long, strenuous struggle, the conviction is borne that the verdict of all will be: "A King!—aye, every inch a King!"

As the last act of this drama—call it tragedy or comedy, as you will—is witnessed, one cannot but be filled with pity for the Crown Prince, used though he must be to the changes and chances of his position. Since the disastrous war of '97 a dark shadow has lain across his life, a shadow which will never be lifted. Too much was expected of him, and the failure to achieve the impossible has embittered an otherwise sunny nature. With a grossly inefficient organization and a badly trained army he was expected to form a body of Ironsides—to rival the exploits of an Alexander. Even as it was, the operations he attempted or devised were nullified by the intervention of the great Powers.

So it is with Prince George: what the war did for his elder brother, Crete has done for him. The Greek people and the Greek Press saw in his appointment as Harmost a visible sign of the approaching union with the island. The obligations of the Powers to Turkey were omitted from their calculations, as was the fact that some of the Cretans had aspirations of their own. MM. Manos and Venizelos raised the standard of revolt in the mountains, and, as the agitation and discontent grew apace and the day of union seemed as distant as ever, the sailor Prince, once so popular, was forced to make way for M. Záimis.

Yet no one can deny that the two

brethren have worked hard for the country. Each, through some curious irony of fate, has been worsted by circumstances entirely outside their sphere of influence, and even the temporary popularity they won by their unflinching efforts in reviving the Olympian games and focussing once more the interest of the world upon their tiny kingdom, has been only too soon forgotten. Probably, outside Athens itself, the recent events may have led to a revulsion of feeling among the Greeks, for the spirited speeches of MM. Dragoumis and Koumoundouros in defending the position of the Princes as officers, and resenting the unwarrantable intrusion of the League, met with marked sympathy in the provinces. For a moment even the Chamber wavered: there were rumors of a rejection of the measure, or a mitigation of its severity, but there came a fresh intervention of the Military Party, and to its lasting shame the Boulé gave way. Well might the Princes declaim, "Put not your faith in peoples."

Of the remaining members of the Royal Family little need be said. We must turn to the other section accused of their country's ruin—the politicians. There was occasion previously to mention the influence of "rousphetia," or "graft," in politics. Still, it must not be imagined that the leading politicians are all tarred with this brush. This is far from being the case. Let it be said to their lasting honor that none of the big men of to-day have ever benefited by a penny, and in the past there have been but few cases to the contrary.

There is no doubt that Greece sustained a lasting blow in the death of M. Tricouplis. He was a great leader, an earnest patriot, a profound statesman, with definite aims towards what practically was an Imperialistic policy. What he might have done had he been

in another country with a wider field for his talents is an interesting speculation. Europe, indeed, might have found a second Bismarck. Even so, it was only the "boundless ambition of Bulgaria," to use his own famous phrase, which checked his great design of a Pan-Balkan Confederacy to drive the Turk out of Europe, and to divide the spoils.

Of the existing men it would be invidious to say that they lack his patriotism; where they are found wanting is in the illimitable grasp of practical details, in the genius for organization, in the grandeur of conception—they are not great men. The trouble lies in the oratory, in the *cacoethes loquendi*. Debate follows debate, but nothing comes of it all. The nation's business is at a standstill. The defects, the weakness, the evils of an elective assembly are seen at their worst in the Greek Boulé.

First of all it is necessary to deal with M. Theotokis, for he has practically conducted the affairs of the country since the war of '97. A man of remarkable ability, courtly presence, and distinguished manner, there is no more successful debater in the House, no one more adroit at extricating himself from a difficulty, no one quicker in seizing the weak point in an opponent's argument. He has had a colossal majority, and has been able to dispose of portfolios among the men most eminent for wealth and brains. When he came into office after the declaration of the war, it was his pleasing task to point out the faults of his rival's administration during the war. The Army, the Navy, and the country cried aloud for reform; never was there such an opportunity: and what has he to show for all this? Nothing, absolutely nothing—save mutiny, revolt, and anarchy. Verily, verily, he has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Still, one incident must be quoted to

M. Theotokis' lasting credit. It may be that, like a great English statesman—to whom indeed in manners and debate he is often compared—he shines more in opposition than in office, and during the last few weeks his efforts have been of more service to the State than all the years of his administration. He and M. Rhallys made a spirited attack on the unparliamentary procedure of the League; they resented the attack, the invasion rather of their privileges, and it was only on finding the attempt useless that, reluctantly enough, they were compelled to yield, and by non-interference assist the endeavors of M. Mavromichalis.

His great rival, M. Rhallys, who is immensely popular in Attica, but has not much of a following in the provinces, is an ardent Republican. While his talents undoubtedly are of a superior order to those of M. Theotokis, his lack of self-control leaves him at a disadvantage with his shrewd, suave adversary on the rostrum. It is one of the ironies of fate that, though fully alive to the needs of an *entente* with Turkey, he should have been forced to bear all the obloquy consequent on the disasters of '97. Greece may yet realize what she has lost by her rejection of the little fiery leader, with his huge slouch hat and ill-fitting clothes.

At present the reins of government are entrusted to the hands of M. Mavromichalis, the owner of a name which for ever will be associated with the great struggle for independence. His social position has won him a certain number of friends, but there is nothing to show that he is capable of guiding his country through the present difficulties. There is a sublime ponderousness about him—an element of Mr. Podsnap without the priggishness—and did the Officers' League possess some hidden Richelieu, no better puppet could be found to do the bidding of the master mind. As politics go, M. Mav-

romichalis forms a striking example of the blind leading the blind.

There remains the most enigmatic personality of all—M. Zaimis, the "old fisher of Ægina," the trusted friend of the King—the standing puzzle of the Athenian populace. He is the leader of a small band of Moderates, and it is to him that King George looks in moments of difficulty. On the retirement of the Prince from Crete the proved caution and discretion of this Sphinx-like man pointed him out as an apt successor. The tact and adroitness which he has displayed in that anomalous position may yet lead to his selection as a guide along an even more thorny path.

Despite the established fact that the leaders have missed their opportunities, it cannot be said that their followers have endeavored to make their path easy. In the masses of the Greek races to-day there is much that is productive, much that is good, much that is noble, but there must be a radical change in the administration before the country can worthily play her part amongst the nations of the world. International questions are too much under the sway of party interests. Personal ambition in international affairs is apt to obtrude on the general aims of party. It is unfortunately the case that a member will often cross the floor of the House with a follower or two if he is not presented with a vacant portfolio at a Premier's disposal. The occasional failure to work an appointment, or to secure the acquittal of some constituent through "graft," is another fruitful source of secession. The Greek gentleman has no country life: his estates to him are merely the source of his income, the means of enabling him to loiter in Athens, Phalerum, and Cephissia, and to cut a dash in the cafés and theatres. In these circumstances, what more pleasant way of lolling about in the City of the

Violet Crown than as a deputy? So the State has to give way to "party," and the party to the individual. It is not that they are unpatriotic, but the position comes first, and patriotism is effaced, or is submerged, in self-interest. Greece, politically speaking, is an example of a most curious paradox. Side by side with the democracy, and a very keen democracy at that, one finds oneself face to face with a most curious survival of feudalism. Peasants in the country think very little of party aims or party politics. Their interest entirely centres round their own representative, and the energy he displays in protecting their interests. Will he see that the tax on their vineyards is remitted, that a better bridge shall be built over that old torrent? These are the questions they ask themselves. As to how he votes on the Naval Estimates or Tariff Reform, that is outside their concern. Naturally, therefore, the "carpet bagger," however brilliant, has little chance of winning a seat. And though on the whole the system of "carpet baggers" with which we are so familiar in England to-day has many disadvantages, yet perhaps it would be as well for Greece if the peasant voters took a more national and Imperial view of politics than they do at present. Exactly how a radical improvement could be effected it is hard to say, but until she cleans away her "graft" and impresses on the great masses of her people the necessity of adopting a wider outlook, her position among the nations must remain insecure.

That is the real ulcer eating into the vitals of Greece—that and her perverted vitality, her misguided energy, and perpetual restlessness. Though unable to manage her own affairs, she needs must cast longing eyes on Crete and Macedonia, despite the old advice: "Physician, heal thyself." The "great idea" goes even further afield. A famous historian well said that, "as

the Ottoman Government has grown more moderate in its despotism, the Greek subjects of the Sultan have risen in their demands." This undeniably is the case. The general discontent and agitation in the country has largely been fermented by the attitude of the committees and the Patriarch. The young men have gone to join the guerilla bands; the older men have thoughts but for the glorious morrow when Europe shall bestow her blessing on Greece as sole legatee on the break-up of the Turkish Empire. There is none of that slow, labored plodding after some firmly fixed ideal which characterizes the Slav; instead there is a mere pyrotechnic display—a spark, a flare, a blaze, and then a sickly fizzle-out into utter blackness.

The present situation is one of extreme gravity beyond the shadow of a doubt. The first movement was ushered in with a fanfare of trumpets: there was a grand christening with the King as sponsor, the name given being that of "regeneration." Alas! there has been little besides the name—a few military demands and a naval mutiny. The dynasty is not secure, and so, as before, Europe doubtless will be obliged to come to set things straight. Greece is little fitted for a military bureaucracy; nor, indeed, has the Military League shown itself capable of bring-

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ing in a new order of things such as would firmly establish Greece amongst the Balkan communities. The progress made to date is too petty, too restricted, too much imbued with self-interest. A new and broader besom must be brought in, and must be wielded by a firm and more impartial hand. Then, and then only, might the changes effected be worthy of the name "regeneration."

Whatever the outcome of the crisis, it is certain that many an anxious eye will be turned on Greece during the time immediately ahead. While legations and Ministers may regard the troublous course of events perplexed and harassed by thoughts of complications, all well-wishers will watch with tenderest sympathy. The heroic siege of Missolonghi still stands out as a glorious achievement, worthy, indeed, of the noblest traditions of Greece. For us it is something to remember that in those black days which faced us a decade ago, when Europe was gloating over our humiliation, Greece never wavered, never flinched. Her trial is at hand to-day, and it is our bounden duty to tender her a meed of the encouragement she so willingly gave to us, and trust that from this darkness she may arise purified and ennobled.

Spencer Campbell.

AS IT HAPPENED.

BOOK VI.

CRISIS.

CHAPTER XI.

BENEATH THE CLIFFS.

Slowly passed that Sunday night. Mrs. Lamb subsequently declared that she never closed an eye, a matter upon which we are not called upon to express an opinion, nor to record Painter's. Mrs. Hollinghurst, worn out with

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a week of horrid anxiety, slept the heavy, dreamless sleep of exhaustion. Yet some sentinel sense was awake within her, for in the gray dawn the jar and lapse of a louvred shutter aroused her with a start. "Wind? Yes, the first for days; but, 'tis too late now; and if it were not, that fisherman

has no mate, and is too weak-spirited." She fell a-weeping and was presently asleep again—the utter, collapsed, sodden sleep which saves the brain.

Yes, in the little Spanish house in Prince Frederic Street was the grief of a breaking heart. Hope was dead at last. No one comes back after a week. Her night assurance had vanished with the setting of the moon. Sue had feared for her reason, but again, and yet again, came the rush of tears that brought ease and reprieved her wits.

And the shutter rattled at intervals, for the wind breathed on; a bay-tree in the *patio* rustled its leathern leaves, whispering *News! news!* the tiresome stupid thing, when there was no news, nor ever would be again.

Painter brought "táy" to her mistresses' bed-sides and mentioned that Mrs. Tighe had gone for a walk, and desired them not to wait breakfast for her.

The morning sun shone upon a dancing sea and baby waves; a light north wind was brushing the dead blue water of the harbor into life: seen from the rock above, the fingers of the breeze played over the face of the bay, now here, now there, swift, capricious, invisible, but, with instant and exquisite effects, the satin surface changed to *moiré antique* and lute-strings; all the hues of a peacock's tail were there for a moment and were gone, replaced by shards of plasma and emerald, sapphire, amethyst, and pale turkis.

The breeze had awaked at dawn and still hekl. A single boat had dropped down to Europa Point, had rounded, and, keeping well under the cliffs, had lowered sail and was working along in-shore below the great sheer precipice beneath Sugarloaf Hill (Pan de Azucar, the Scorpions call it).

There were two people in the boat; a lean, brown-faced man at the oars, and a smaller figure in the stern-sheets, cloaked and hooded, our Sue, no other,

who, at the first whisper of the coming wind, had leapt from her bed and sought the Catalan fisherman at the Water Port. She had found him leaner and hungrier than ever. No one would buy the brooch; the Jews were gone, and to an Englishman a jewel in such hands was a matter of suspicion. Hence she found her man open to reason: such reasons as she had brought with her. Of the three hundred pounds which Furley, on behalf of Friend Hippisley, had left in Sue's hands, the girl had placed all but fifty with her guardian for safety. It was this balance which she offered Mistral for his services.

"But, my lady, I shall need another hand, and where——?"

"Here!—take me. I will go with you. I can steer; oh, I have steered a boat before, I have steered a brig. Come, let us be going whilst the wind lasts."

Her energy swept away his scruples. Fifty pounds was a very large sum to a man in his position in those days, and, apart from the off-chance of adding to it by the recovery of the floating corpse, fish was making fancy prices; if he should chance upon the luck of Saint Peter he could place every fin of it. So, having reached the best ground, he pulled out two hundred yards and let down his lines, keeping an eye to the southward the while for that *guarda costa*. Sue sat restless and vaguely disappointed. Some exterior impulse, or native instinct, had driven her to this place of horror; she had pressed through difficulties to reach it, she had reached it, and having arrived, there was nothing for her to do. Unlike her brother, unlike Chisholm, unlike her friends and house-mates, the girl still silently bore a hope in her bosom, a foolish, unreasonable belief that the Colonel would return to them. It was not a thing to argue about, nor to talk over, so she had said very little;

but there it was, this conviction within her; and here was she, drawn by this absurd but imperious call to the spot where, if dead, the body of her friend should be, although she would not allow her mind to dwell upon the possibility of his death.

That Mistral should fish instead of watching vexed her, yet she knew that whatever came must come to them, nor would exertion upon their parts aid.

She schooled herself to patience, glancing at times at the vast yellow rock above them, "washed with the morning's water-gold," each cranny and ledge defined with marvellous clearness.

Célestin sniffed. Fish were upon the move, as he knew, albeit he had had no bite as yet. A wide-winged osprey, all liver-and-white like a pointer, was circling low; flap, flap. Ah! it had turned head under, had fallen plumb: the water rose in a white fountain; presently it was upon the surface again, flapping strongly, the wet flying from its quills, rising heavily, its prey kicking hard, a dazzle of silvery flank and swishing tail, a clean bass. Mistral sniffed again, smelling fish, and watched his lines jealously. It was Sue who followed the flight of the bird, its labored start, its circling to gain the uplift of the wind; she saw it climb the heights towards its eyrie upon the cliff, and lo! as she watched, her eyes widened; that sad, anxious look, which the flight of the fisher-eagle had for a moment beguiled and softened, fled, her lips fell apart, her brows drew together, the forehead furrowed above them, every sense waiting upon and lending its forces to the eye. There, upon a ledge high aloft, so distant, so remote that all sense of proportion was defeated, stood, defined against the pallor of the sun-washed stone, the figure of a man. But it was surely an optical delusion, or a sea-mark, for it was too tiny for a human figure, or indeed for

a child; and yet, in that magically clear morning light, its proportions and members were distinctly human. It was dressed as a soldier, but was bare-headed, it stood bolt upright as a soldier stands upon parade. Oh, absurd; it must be a doll, a mannikin. But how got it there? It had no visible foothold, no smallest means of support; it seemed adhering to the naked cliff-face as a pictured figure adheres to its canvas.

And then, "It is alive, *its hands are moving!* Oh," she gulped low and hoarsely and got to her feet, and ere Célestin could turn his head, a glorious scream of pure joy cleft the sea-silence like the cry of a life. 'Twas nature's charging note, her battle-cry from the lips of a girl, her summons to extreme and utmost exertion. The startled man crouched low, swept the rock-face vaguely, followed her outstretched finger, and spied from under his hand.

"It is a spirit, madam; alas that we should have seen it! It will bring us ill-luck! A man? the Colonel? He is in heaven a week since; and no human foot has ever reached where *that* is standing."

"But, it is he—*he—he!* I can see him. I know him! Look, he is waving to us!"

It was the faintest of signals, but it served. The girl threw up her rounded chin and, filling her fine chest with sea-wind, sent her hail soaring up the cliff:

"We — will — save — you.—Hold on—*still!*"

Again, and yet again she shrilled, her column of white throat pulsing with its upper note. The tiny hand so far aloft there wagged its weak countersign. The girl turned to her companion. "Pull to the shore, man, pull!"

But the Catalan, crouched upon his thwart, sat hunched, biting his fingers, pallid and mute, his eyes to seaward, and when he opened his lips it was to curse softly and brokenly in his moth-

er-tongue. Alas! a woeful man was Mistral, for there, to the nor'-eastward that black *guarda costa* was leaping through the water towards them, the blue sparkling wavelets boiling beneath twinkling oar-blades.

"I am lost—lost! Oh, why did the lady tempt me?" He wept aloud, hiding his face in his hands. But the girl sprang upon him, snatching at his wrists, shaking him by the shoulders.

"Wretch! — Coward! — Misérable! — Lâche! — Poltron!" Sue, who had never known that she had a temper, was letting herself go in two languages. "*Beast!*—be a man—a *man!* . . . Row for the shore, and we will climb, run, anything!—*row!* Do ye think that the good God who has kept that poor soul alive for a week up there will fail him now? Give me the oars!"

Her edged words, her blazing eyes, the breath poured hot upon him from her panting bosom, stung the man to action, as the yell of his rider calls upon a falling horse to extend himself in a final effort. Mistral laid himself out to row; the boat sprang under him.

There was no landing-place within hundreds of yards, and it was to cut them off from reaching any that the galley was speeding. Both craft were converging upon the same point, the fishing-boat had the better start, but the galley travelled the faster, and had other resources. Sue, watching the knit brows and clenched jaw of her rower, beheld the light of a new terror distend his eye, and its imminence tighten the cordage of his brown throat. She turned in her seat. The galley, not a furlong distant, and cleaving the blue water with a terrible silent swiftness, was about to do something. Three men were moving upon her fore-castle around an object which shone and shifted. Two crouched, one bent, there was the gleam of burnished brass, and then a ball of snow-white

wool leapt, and within it was a spark of fire. Simultaneously, something like a big bird flying with incredible velocity struck the water upon their star-board quarter and passed close astern. The shock of sound followed and Sue realized the awful fact of War.

A soldier's daughter, a soldier's sister, and herself at this moment upon her way to save a soldier's life, the heart within her arose and laughed with a touch of the grim, fierce *gaudium certaminis* of her race. She could have sung, shouted, danced. To die on such a glorious morning? Absurd! And with God's warrant in their hands, His messengers! Ridiculous!

"They have missed us, man; do not falter—row, row, *row!*"

Mistral groaned, but held on. He altered his course so as to lessen the mark which he displayed to the gunner.

"You shall not be hurt," cried Sue. "See, I cover you!" She arose and stood screening the straining oarsman behind her flowing skirts, and faced the gunners (still nearer now and reloading with nimble haste), shaking out her white neckerchief in gallant defiance.

The sea-washed cliffs are past, the first of the beach is near, those sands which thin out to the south of Catalan Bay under the East face, a landing-place protected only by a block-house, since the experiences of many sieges has taught our enemies that nought is to be gained by occupying a strip of beach overlooked by impregnable cliffs! The boat's keel grates, they are in, but —*here it comes again!* The gun-servers crouch, the captain of the piece bends over the breech of his swivel. The girl swings her hand aloft with a clear laugh of mockery: she must, she will succeed. Célestin springs from his seat and drags her down upon him. Boom!—*crack!* the ball knocks the ruder-head to splinters, clears their pros-

trate forms by a hand's breadth, and ploughs its way up the beach.

"Up, lady—run for your life." He leaps overside, catches, carries, sets her down dryshod, and, gripping her hand, speeds breathlessly towards the distant block-house. A sentry paces there with futile regularity. Stupid creature, can he do no more? And the block-house stands white and mute! *Bang!*—a masked battery quite near has opened. It has only a couple of pieces, placed there but a day since at the prayer of the fishermen. The galley sheers off. *Bang!* again, and something has happened, for men cheer, and a boat is run down the beach, but Célestin and Sue race on without turning their heads.

A match against time is theirs, and the stake no longer their own lives, but the life of the dying man upon the cliff behind them. Célestin, that lean and sinewy man, is no mean runner. Sue lifts her skirts and flies light-footed as a fawn along the hardened sand of the sea-marge. Mistral is recognized, a breathless reply to a friendly challenge passes them on toward the North Front. He strides beside and ahead of her, her hand in his.

"Man, what—did—I tell—you?—God—".

"Keep your breath, lady. Ah, yes, I know. Let them call you heretic who will, these eyes saw your hands turn the balls! What more could a saint from heaven—" He crosses himself whilst running.

CHAPTER XII.

THE JUDGMENT OF GOD.

Monday morning. The condemned man sate in his cell with his empty hands upon his knees and his eyes upon the wall. The stout cable of hope by which he had hung over Tophet for a week past had been giving strand by strand; it was worn to its last thread.

That strayed lunatic, his enemy, had not been traced. The fellow had dis-

appeared; in what manner, or for what reason, other than loss of reason, he, Boyle, confessed himself unable to offer any plausible suggestion. "He is gone, damn him; and I am to die for it! 'Tis hardish cheese, ye'll allow, sir!" he had said to his latest visitor, the officer to whose keeping he had been committed. The man had looked in after his prisoner had taken his breakfast to ask if there was anything that he could do for him.

This had been the ostensible excuse for the call; its unexpressed reason, understood by both, had been to afford opportunity for confession. There had been no confession. The officer had lingered, had sate in silence, but his prisoner, whilst entirely appreciating the attention, had nothing to communicate.

"Major Boyle," said the man at length, rising to leave. "I am bidden inform ye that the memorial put forward by your mess beseeching the Governor's clemency has failed."

"The deuce it has! What said his Excellency?" asked the condemned man, achieving nonchalance with an effort. This was the last filament; it too had parted.

"Sir, as ye bid me, I'll tell ye his exact words. They were these: 'Gentlemen, I have heard of your black bean.'"

Boyle snapped his fingers.

The bravado rang false as a cracked dollar. His visitor, an Englishman and a person of small stature, regarded his man with veiled anxiety. This giant Irishman was a foreigner and incalculable. How would such a person behave? For the credit of the army he hoped there might be no loss of nerve. "Would Mr. Boyle please to call for a tankard of old ale—of stingo?"

The Major would not, but would be pleased to take wine with him.

"The wine shall be brought to you,

sir; for myself, I seldom drink so early," said the officer, and left, excusing himself upon the score of duty.

The bolts grated. Boyle, drawing hot breaths through distended nostrils, glared at the closed door. Tear-an-ages! This Saxon pock-pudding had declined to touch glasses with him. The fellow actually professed to believe him guilty. He sprang to his feet and paced the cell passionately, four strides and a right-about, cursing; but soon re-seated himself with a short yelp of joyless laughter, and fell a-musing. The hand that lay upon his enormous thigh contracted. The huge muscle was still seasoned and firm.

"And to think that wan hour from now 'twill be meat—could meat! and I meself under the moulds, the sands of the North Front, mebbe; and that's strange, Con Boyle, when ye come to think of ut—mighty strange!"

"Major Boyle, the guard!"

It had come to this, then. After all, he had had no such bad time of it, considering everything. He was not going to whimper. He had lived his life, had kissed and fought; had sent six fellows this road with his own hand, and had watched a score or so travel it at one time or another.

The atrocious injustice of his own particular case made his eye flash and hardened his mouth: but, "Stiddy, me son! ye have the honor of the Ould Country to uphold, and 'twill soon be over. This mar'rch to the ground will be a cursud nuisance, but ye will carry yerself like a gintleman. Ye have been to yer Juty and made yer sowl (a bit late in the day, mebbe, but his riv'rence assures ye 'twill be all right). And, for the rist, the firing party will point high and give ye as little trouble as may be. Eyes front!"

Never had the condemned man borne himself more soldierly than upon this his last march. The whole garrison was under arms, all, that is, save his

own regiment, which was confined to its barracks, its ammunition called in, its side-arms and muskets chained and padlocked and guarded by doubled sentries, and, worst disgrace of all, with d'Angell's Corsicans stationed in the street without, with guns at the intervals of the companies trained upon the barrack gate.

Sir George would take no risks, but neither would he yield one jot to the covert threat of mutineers *in posse*. He might have ordered this military execution to be carried out where he chose, in the moat, for instance, outside the South Port gates, escutcheoned with crumbling heraldries, or at the Arsenal, but no; the North Front was the place sanctioned by usage, and there this murderer should die, though Spain opened upon his firing party, or a mutinous regiment blocked the route. Our Governor would not inaugurate the greatest siege of the century by a display of nerves.

Never had the condemned man felt himself more alive than at this, his last hour. With senses at their keenest, he observed the features of familiar thoroughfares and the human faces which lined them. At the corner of Prince Frederic Street he caught the eye of Painter waiting to see him pass. He had seen the woman thrice at her mistress's door and knew her again. He confronted the sour pleasure of her look with no answering scorn. Of her mistress and her guests he could think at that moment without bitterness; the fashion of this world was passing away and the lusts thereof.

Through the Land Port the men tramped, down the length of the Governor's Meadow, past Forbes's Barrier, wound along the covered way for a while beneath the shadow of the enormous cliff; then a few steps across the naked sands brought them to a spot near the eastern beach. There they halted, set their prisoner with his face

to the south-east beside his open grave. Yes, it had come to this; the passing about of petitions for reprieve, the lobbying and consulting and laying of heads together on the one side, and upon the other the tight-lipped refusals to move, backed by the ladies led by that dragon Trigge, *pollice verso*.

It was not the Hardenbergs only who held to the theory of the man's innocence. Many officers who had not sate upon the court-martial dissented from its findings and deplored its sentence: holding upon principle, as one may say, that no gentleman bearing His Majesty's commission should be condemned for murder upon circumstantial evidence alone.

The captain commanding the firing party was of this way of thinking, and went about his duty with resolute disgust, hoping against hope for a reprieve, for the intervention of something—anything, he cared not what.

What were the views of the squad he commanded, who knows? The twelve privates had been chosen by lot from as many different regiments, so that no corps in especial should bear the odium of the deed and incur the vengeance of the Hardenbergs. The prisoner, as he faced his executioners, beheld the variety of facings with a slight lift of the brows; then, as his eye caught the weak, shifting glance of the man exactly in front of him, sixth from the right, it contracted with a swift effort of memory. Where had he met that fellow before? A trivial question to engage the thoughts of a man upon the edge of eternity, but it passed the time, and instantly the answer came to him; he had seen that long nose and retreating chin beneath the peak of a montier-cap in a coach somewhere; yes, and under a parson's wig at a wedding—his own wedding! The Reverend Octavius Baskett, B.A., stood before him, ex-servitor of Christ Church, Oxford; more recently a felon and a fugitive

from justice, and at present serving as Private Septimus Wallet in H.M. 56th Regiment of Foot.

The recognition was mutual and distasteful to both. Boyle glanced aside.

The captain, growling like a surly bull-dog, dressed his men and passed down the line, inspecting the cartridges; there should be no blanks. "Load!" He repassed, inspecting the locks; all were at full-cock; there should be no shirking. All was ready; he nodded to the chaplain. The burial service began, the old familiar words read over a living man.

They had with them a sergeant's guard of sappers, but chancing upon an old *tenaille*, the officer in command had forborne to break fresh ground. It was cast at him later, that had he obeyed the letter of his instruction, things had gone otherwise; but let that be.

The prisoner stood with his toes to the trench as the chaplain began his office. He did not listen. His eyes were set upon the great expanse of sea before him, over which the low morning sun had spread a golden net. It was gloriously clear, ten thousand little waves were leaping upon one another's shoulders to see the spectacle. There was a boat in the offing, a long, black boat; he lost sight of it. He had declined the bandage, and by looking a trifle to the right could follow the perspective of crags, receding bastion beyond bastion along the precipitous Eastern Face; could overlook the sands at their feet as far as Catalan Bay, and could see along those sands two figures running, a man and a woman. Hand-in-hand they ran, and were running fast, as those run who bring news which will not wait. The chaplain stammered on, but the dying man, so brimful of life and so keen of apprehension, was watching those runners. Nearer they came, and nearer; the woman ran well, but was plainly out-

paced; she stumbled, the other released her hand and came on alone. He was a native, by his red *beret*. The whimsical idea crossed Boyle's mind that this Scorpion had news of Justin. Suddenly he was almost sure of it, for the runner made signal, increasing his speed.

The chaplain had finished; he closed his book and stepped aside, turning his back upon what was to follow. There was a slight movement perceptible in the firing party, the men loosening their shoulders in anticipation of the coming order.

"You will fire when ye see the handkerchief drop," said the captain. "*Ready!*" The twelve muskets moved to the hip with mechanical precision—

Again the runner, too breathless and too distant to shout, flung up a hand. Boyle was convinced of it now, hope stirred within him, he had thought it dead, it was stung back to life, the life whose last sands were running; he turned to the captain and opened his lips.

"*Present!*" The gray barrels came up to a level floor of burnished steel—

One runner, the woman, had dropped to a walk; the man strained on, swinging his red cap. 'Twas now or never: this messenger had a purpose as regards himself,—*himself!*

"Sir!" he said sharply, half turning; but the stolid, unimaginative Englishman, already warned by the jailor that the prisoner's nerve was shaken, misunderstood him; if there was going to be any play-acting or speech-making, if this fellow was weakening and was about to make a scene, why, the sooner this was over the better for all concerned.

Boyle read his purpose in the man's averted eye. "But, sir—I say!—Hold on for a moment!—*Look!*" He threw a hand out in the direction of the runner.

Too late! The captain's eye wavered, yes, he half turned; but the lips had received their impulse.

"*F—halt! As you were!*" he shouted, for the handkerchief had fluttered from his fingers and was falling.

An irregular scattering volley rang out. Two of the squad withheld their fire; of the rest, some drew triggers irresolutely and with barrels aslant; one only, a man in the centre, with tight-clenched eyelids and blanched lips, drew with a grunt and with an accidentally well-levelled piece, and it was the bullet of Private Wallet that went home. The base of the brain was stricken, and, even as the prisoner stood there—lips parted in passionate appeal, eyes staring wide, and arm and finger at desperate stretch—the final change took place, and what had been Cornelius Boyle pitched forward into the trench without remark or the movement of a limb. The fallen bulk heaved for a moment as though some blind impulse moved it to bury itself in the sand, then the muscles relaxed. It accommodated itself to its pitiful posture and lay still.

The captain turned upon his men a face a-work with anger, but recollected himself and said nothing. The thing was done; the man was dead. The futility of words was obvious. After all, he had but carried out his orders. The chaplain had seen nothing; what the men might think or say did not count. "Fill in!" he said, and stood biting his lip while the sappers plied their spades.

But the runner was coming up, he had ceased waving. The captain recognized him now for Célestin Mistral, a fisherman, and went a few steps to meet him. The fellow, blown by his exertions, was panting hard. The blood was hammering in his ears; he had not heard the volley; the execution did not interest him. He had a marvellous tale to tell, rambling, incoher-

ent, as the tale of a man is likely to be who has run a mile at speed: almost incredible too; a tale of a human figure fixed against the face of the cliff high above the sea, in a position so sheer that no man could have reached it by climbing, nor have kept it for a minute had he gained it.

"Yes, he is there, señor! I have seen him with these eyes, and the lady——"

The woman runner was still afar, but coming; the Catalan, having got his breath, grew voluble.

"She saw it first—she is a saint from heaven, señor, a very saint of God! The Spanish galley it give chase, it make fire, two balls, señor; she turn them with the hant—so!"

"But this man on a rock, my friend? What about him? Who is he?"

"An officer, señor. Oh, yaas, an Eng-

lishman, and an officer by his uniform. Alive?—mose certain he is alive. He move the arm, so!"

"My God!" ejaculated the Captain, with a side-glance at the wide-open eyes in that dead face in the *temaille*, upon which the shovelled sand was falling. He recovered himself upon the instant. "Quick, you fellows, there; a woman is coming!"

The spades worked fast; when Susan, unconscious of what had happened, came up to substantiate Mistral's incredible tale, the officer could command his voice. Private Wallet, the only man present who divined the lady's interest in the dead, made no sign, and, as the party hurriedly turned their faces towards Forbes's Barrier, the wife's foot was upon the fresh-thrown sand which covered her faithless husband.

Ashton Hilliers.

(To be continued.)

ORIENTAL ART. *

Those who concern themselves with art are apt to look with a kind of admiring envy on the man of science, to think of him as continually progressing to the conquest of new worlds, urged on by a breathless anticipation of ever new and more astonishing wonders. But if the artist feels discouraged and overshadowed by the great creations of the past, the critic and student of applied æsthetics is to-day held in almost the same breathless suspense as the man of science before the new worlds of art which recent research has revealed to his wondering gaze. To almost the same extent as the man of

science he finds himself out of his bearings, bewildered and amazed at the multiplicity and strangeness of the new unassimilated material. For him too it is imperative to find a new orientation, to provide himself with new charts and new guiding principles. The specialist in any particular branch of art is usually spared this effort. For him the discovery of historical data, all the quasi-scientific apparatus and curiosity of the researcher, is sufficient guide and stimulus. He takes refuge in a happy prejudice which gives to his particular branch of art an indisputable pre-eminence in his own opinion. This is doubtless as it should be. Without some such fortunate illusion the work before him could never be accomplished. But the mere critic, the man who seeks, however fondly, to adjust the valuation of any and every

* 1. "Painting in the Far East." By Laurence Binyon. London: Arnold, 1908.

2. "Manuel d'Art Musulman." By Gaston Migeon. Paris: Picard, 1907.

3. "Medieval Sinhalese Art." By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. Printed in the Norman Chapel, Broad Campden, 1908.

4. "Indian Sculpture and Painting." By E. B. Havell. London: Murray, 1908.

artistic expression of the human spirit, who must forever keep his mind and feelings alert for the acceptance of new æsthetic truth, may well feel a certain bewilderment at the vast mass of new æsthetic experience which lies open to him.

Especially is this true of the art of the East. Scarcely more than a hundred years ago art meant for a cultivated European, Græco-Roman sculpture and the art of the high Renaissance, with the acceptance of a few Chinese lacquers and porcelains as curious decorative trifles. Then came the admission that Gothic art was not barbarous, that the Primitives must be reckoned with, and the discovery of early Greek art. The acceptance of Gothic and Byzantine art as great and noble expressions of human feeling, which was due in no small degree to Ruskin's teaching, made a breach in the well-arranged scheme of our æsthetics, a breach through which ever new claimants to our admiring recognition have poured.

When once we have admitted that the Græco-Roman and high Renaissance views of art—and for our purposes we may conceive these as practically identical—are not the only right ones, we have admitted that artistic expression need not necessarily take effect through a scientifically complete representation of natural appearances, and the painting of China and Japan, the drawings of Persian potters and illuminators, the ivories, bronzes, and textiles of the early Mohammedan craftsmen, all claim a right to serious consideration. And now, finally, the claim is being brought forward on behalf of the sculptures of India, Java, and Ceylon. These claims have got to be faced; we can no longer hide behind the Elgin marbles and refuse to look; we have no longer any system of æsthetics which can rule out, *a priori*, even the most fantastic and unreal ar-

tistic forms. They must be judged in themselves and by their own standards.

To the European mind of to-day, saturated as it is with some centuries of representative art, there is always some initial difficulty in thus shifting the point of view to one in which likeness to natural appearances, as we understand them, can no longer be used as the chief criterion of value. The average amateur is apt to think, even before the masterpieces of primitive Italian art, before Giotto or Simone Martini, that these are very good considering the time when they were made, or at least, that they would be better if they conformed more to his own standards of representation. Such an idea implies always an imperfect grasp of the language of the early artist, but it requires many years of study to eradicate altogether the underlying prejudice. To such a one the mere fact that the Japanese employ a different kind of perspective from ours, or as he would put it, "do not draw in perspective," makes it impossible to give full assent to the artist's idea. On the other hand, any one who has once thoroughly mastered the methods of artistic expression employed in Byzantine and early Gothic art (say before 1400) will find that he has little or no difficulty in entering into the modes of conception of Sino-Japanese painting.

The present writer once had the opportunity to test this essential community between the art of the East and early European art. He accompanied Mr. Okakura, the subtle and ingenious Japanese critic, to various galleries in London, among others to the exhibition of illuminated manuscripts at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Both there and elsewhere it was evident that the Japanese critic understood at once the meaning of an Anglo-Saxon drawing, and that he could without difficulty place it in its right relation with both

earlier and later work. He understood the methods of expression, and he could appreciate exactly the changes in style that occurred in the course of centuries, but when once complete naturalistic presentment began in the fifteenth century he was altogether at a loss. Before a miniature by Simon Benink he stared with blank amazement and refused, with Oriental politeness, to express any opinion. He said that he was unfortunately unable to understand it. This of course did not mean that he failed to recognize the objects represented, but that he failed to see any artistic idea that lay behind that photographic vision.

The European mind has then been gradually prepared to accept the methods of Oriental design, and with that preparation has come an immense increase in its accessibility. In the last generation even enthusiasts like Whistler had to content themselves with blue and white porcelain of the seventeenth century, and a few Japanese prints of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But already the Berlin and British Museums contain a few masterpieces of Chinese and Japanese classic art, and the publication of the Kokka and of Tajima's "Selected Masterpieces" have made possible for the first time some sort of general understanding of the art of the Far East. Even so, however, it was possible only to a few to follow the development of the various schools, until Mr. Binyon's book gave easy access at least to the general movements and conceptions of Chinese and Japanese painting.

Mr. Binyon's writing, with its grave and sober eloquence, is admirably adapted to give an idea in words of the art of which he tells with such a deep sense of its poetical content. At least one great period of Chinese art, that of the Tang dynasty, has left nothing but a memory and some later copies; but even here Mr. Binyon is

able to hold the reader's interest by evoking vague and mysterious images of inaccessible splendors.

When, however, we come to the Sung period there is plenty of material at hand, though but few of the masterpieces have found their way to Europe. Mr. Binyon well describes what must be the most surprising fact to any European who first sees, even in reproduction, a Sung landscape, namely, the extreme modernity of these painters. He shows how this note of modernity pervaded the whole South Chinese civilization of the Sung period, and certainly the paintings show a passionate and disinterested contemplation of nature such as even our own art has never quite attained to. There is a picture by Ma Yuan of the moon rising amid piled-up cumulus clouds over a limitless expanse of storm-tossed waves, which gives a deeper, more poignant expression to all those feelings of wonder and awe at the infinity of nature than ever Turner did. There is a scene by a river in winter, by Ma Lin, which has more of the sense of mystery and romance than anything in Corot. To the contemplative spirit of the Chinese, even the slightest revelations of beauty in nature—a bird on a spray of magnolia, or a rose-mallow reflected in a stream—can become outlets for the spirit into the infinite background of phenomena. Thus it is that their flower-pieces have none of the triviality which seems to mar even the most brilliant European renderings of such subjects. But it is in the definitely religious art of artists like Li-lung-mien that we realize the full range of Chinese art, its power to adumbrate, in forms of classic severity and precision, the strangest and most mystical intimations of spiritual existence.

With Japanese art we enter a very different world, if we except, as well we may, the vast mass of fifteenth and sixteenth century imitations of Sung

originals, which, even when executed by a supreme virtuoso like Sesshiu bear upon their faces the evidence of wilful stylistic artifice. Indeed throughout Japanese art we are constantly meeting evidences of a more capricious, eccentric, and self-conscious attitude than would have been tolerated by the essentially classic principles of the great Chinese masters.

The earliest painting of Japan reflects for us in all probability something of the lost grandeur of the Tang school in China; it is profoundly religious and grandiose, but gives little indication of the specific characteristics of Japanese feeling. These come out for the first time in the great Tosa school, the Yamatoe or national school as it was appropriately called. In Kelon's long narrative scrolls we see a conception of art to which no parallel can be found in Chinese painting. They represent the violent scenes of civil strife out of which came the new feudalism. Nothing can be conceived more expressive than these of the turbulent vehemence of armed crowds, the agitation of a hundred arms and legs moving at the bidding of some infectious passion. In looking at these wonderful scenes, depicted with a line as agitated and alert as the gestures it describes, we are struck by the infallible power and the apparent ease with which Kelon renders the most complex and momentary movements of the figure. How, one asks, was it possible at such a time, in the thirteenth century, with no long and slowly accumulated science behind him, such as a Goya or a Degas inherits—how was it possible for Kelon to seize and render such effects? And in the answer to this we discover one of the curious paradoxes of Eastern art when compared to our own. Eastern art, and especially Japanese art, is far more visual than ours; the actual vision of appearances is clearer, more precise, more

rapid, and above all, less distorted by intellectual preoccupations. It is more perceptual, less conceptual. The graphic arts would seem to result from a compromise and fusion of three elements, one the desire to symbolize concepts, one the desire to make records of appearances, and finally, modifying and controlling these, the love of order and variety, the decorative instinct. In different races and at different periods the harmony of these elements results from their fusion in different proportions. Even with the utmost determination to do so, the artist cannot altogether suppress any of these elements of design. Certain impressionists have apparently made the attempt, have even formulated theories of a purely perceptual design, but, in so far as they were artists, the decorative, and, in so far as they were human beings, the conceptual, elements are bound to intervene.

But it may well seem paradoxical to state, as I have above, that Japanese art is more perceptual than European. How can you call that art perceptual, it might be objected, which is ignorant of the laws of perspective—the laws, that is, according to which all appearances must arrange themselves to our vision—which neglects altogether that large element of perception which is concerned with light and shade? Now it would not be possibly to deny that a typical modern picture was much nearer to the actual retinal image than a painting by Kelon; but we must remember that this is the result of a comparatively modern discovery, of a purely scientific nature, the discovery in the fifteenth century of the laws of perspective; this discovery has undoubtedly modified our habitual visual attention very strongly, but, up to the time when European science stumbled upon that discovery, it was possible to the European artist to take greater liberties with perspective than the Japa-

nese ever did. The Japanese had a natural instinct for noting the general relations of objects in space, and, though he never developed this instinct in our scientific manner, he never went as far from visual appearance as the early artists of Europe. No doubt he imagined himself to see his figures from a height, and not, as we do, on the level of an ordinary spectator; but here he was guided by a sound instinct, for the normal low perspective horizon which we Europeans adopt is singularly unsuited to the purpose of narrative design, as any one who has tried to compose a scene with many figures will have found. He knows, for instance, with what perversity the main actors in the drama will hide behind the most trifling and insignificant details of the foreground, and how rapidly the effect of distance is felt upon figures which the imaginative needs of the story would have large and prominent. The result is that European narrative composition can with difficulty escape from the composition of a *rilievo*, that is to say, it has to give up much of the imaginative effect due to space relations. It is here that the native Japanese recognition of the visual whole comes to the narrative artist's aid, and he displays his actors spread out upon the ground as seen from above; true, he does not give to his figures the full distortion which such a view would actually entail; he follows here the conceptual view, which demands that things shall be seen in their most familiar aspect; but, since his perspective is instinctive rather than scientific, he can effect this compromise without any shock to our feeling for unity.

The question of light and shade is more difficult to resolve. We must think of light and shade in two aspects, for which, unfortunately, we lack words. In the first place, light and shade may be regarded as the evidence

upon an object of its plastic relief, of all those saliences and depressions which, being at right angles to the plane of vision, leave no record in the contour; this I will call light and shade simply.¹ Secondly, we may consider light and shade as existing already in the atmosphere, and liable to affect any object which moves in that lighted and shaded atmosphere according as it protrudes into a band of light or shadow. This I will call "*chiaroscuro*." Its effect is not primarily to reveal plastic form; on the contrary, such effects as I have in mind, such effects as, for instance, Rembrandt and Caravaggio loved, tend rather to obscure and obliterate all but a few elements of plastic form.

Now in European art light and shade was studied for its plastic revelations for centuries before the essentially visual idea of *chiaroscuro* was conceived, and its study was due to the constructional, architectonic, and non-visual attitude of European artists. To the more perceptual artists of the Far East light and shade appeared to belong to the realm of sculpture and not to painting, and hence they developed and completed their pictorial language without its aid. It is one of the many cases in which the Eastern artist has retained purity, unity, and completeness of expression at the cost, no doubt, of a loss of intensity and depth. The Chinese and Japanese artists then rejected light and shade as belonging primarily to the sculptor's art; they therefore never arrived, as the Europeans did, at the idea of *chiaroscuro*, though this in itself might not have been unsympathetic to their predominantly visual attitude. That this is so may indeed be surmised from the fact that, in certain broad effects of lighted and shaded atmosphere, effects of mist, of night, and

¹ Such a treatment of light and shade for its plastic quality is to be found in almost all the Italian painters of the fifteenth century and, in its completed form, in the work of Michelangelo and Bronzino.

of twilight, they have for six centuries shown the way which only quite modern European art has begun to follow.

From this digression let us return to the story of Eastern painting as unfolded by Mr. Binyon.

In China the period of the Yuan dynasty adds many masterpieces, in which, however, the essentials of the great Sung period continue to dominate; but in the Ming dynasty, though there is no revolution in style, there is a marked change of attitude. There is noticeable a greater love of variety of detail, a greater minuteness and elegance, with a loss of that grandiose unity of effect which makes the Sung masterpieces pre-eminent in the whole history of Oriental art.

In Japan the painting of the Ashikaga period corresponds with that of our Renaissance, and, oddly enough, like the art of that time in Europe, it is based upon a more or less conscious revival of classic models, the classic fount being for Japan the art of China. We must, I think, however much we admire the astounding skill of a Sessou or Sesshiu, regret the loss of the turbulent and intense dramatic spirit of Keion and his contemporaries. Virtuosity, the besetting sin of the Japanese race, here reigns triumphant. Sotatsu stands out in this period as a great master of flower design; but it is, on the whole, a relief to pass to the less refined but more original splendor of decorative designers like Yeitoku.

But it is in Matabei that the purely national art of Japan rises to a height only equalled by Keion; and it is significant of the Japanese spirit that he is the great master of *genre* and the originator of the Ukiyoyé, that fertile school of designers to which we owe all the marvellous ingenuity of Japanese color printing. No one can look even at the reproduction given in Mr. Binyon's book of a painting of a danc-

ing girl without feeling the greatness and originality of Matabei, without recognizing the spontaneity and force of the imaginative impulse which here realizes so intensely the vital unity of rhythmic movement, and presents it in forms so austere and nobly restrained. The familiarity of the theme is no bar to the almost hieratic solemnity and grandeur of feeling with which Matabei invests it. And, on the purely decorative side, what amazing fertility and taste is here displayed! There is here the true power of the great pattern maker to get the utmost richness without loss of unity and by the use of the simplest means. And this is the more remarkable in that it is on the purely decorative side of their art, in their designs for textiles and pottery, that the worst failings of the Japanese are apparent, their frivolous delight in multiplicity, ingenuity, and virtuosity.

Of Matabei Mr. Binyon writes with more than his usual eloquence. After explaining that Matabei had mastered the principles both of the old national Tosa school and of the Chinese revivalists, he adds:

There is nothing in him of the tameness that so often attends the calculated attempt to blend a variety of qualities, such as we find in the Caracci. On the contrary, there is a sort of primitive fire in his painting. All his qualities are native to him; there is nothing taken on from outside. Nor was he tempted, as many leaders of revolt have been, into the violence of reaction from accepted type. There is the centred strength of balance in his art. . . . Nothing is more utterly Japanese in its beauty than the beauty discovered in life by Matabei. Perhaps these may seem extravagant words when we contemplate the artist's few extant works. But it is with him as it is with Giorgione; we feel him a power working in the life of art, perhaps even more in the production of others than in his own.

Korin stands perhaps to the European as the most typical, as he is almost the most popular, of Japanese designers; but beside the noble dignity of Matabei his work appears marred by capricious individualism, by a desire to astonish and surprise that does not conduce to lasting admiration.

Of the later developments of Japanese art it is unnecessary to speak, its real importance for us lies in the color prints which have for long been the most familiar of all Eastern graphic designs. Mr. Binyon discusses them with fine appreciation, though it is surprising that he omits Sharaku, who is, if not the greatest, at least the most classic and one of the most original of all, besides displaying the possibilities for this particular technique of color in its rarest and most fascinating aspects.

Mr. Binyon's conclusion is one which deserves the most thoughtful attention. In it he points the moral, for Western minds, of Eastern art as an outcome of Eastern life; of a life more ordered, more harmonious, a life that does not divorce so completely as ours its ideals from its practice.

We fill a museum with fine works from divers countries, and place it in the midst of streets that desolate eye and heart, without an effort to make them part of the beauty we desire. Art is not an end in itself, but a means to beauty in life. This we forget.

It is not a little strange that while in thought and religion India is the mother country of the Far East, we can treat Chinese and Japanese art as a whole by itself. References to Indian art there undoubtedly are, especially in certain phases of Japanese design, but on the whole the influence of India is surprisingly slight. It is most felt in outlying and provincial schools in Thibet, in Siam and Annam, but the great central Chinese tradition seems scarcely affected by it; motives bor-

rowed from India become transformed at once by the powerful genius of the Chinese race.

To the European who, through British occupation of India, has had for so long the opportunity of familiarity with it, Indian art appears to present almost insuperable difficulties. It is at once stranger and more familiar than the art of China and Japan. More familiar in that it treats the human figure with a certain structural completeness which, whether it be an inheritance from Greek art or not, at least recalls the general European tradition. Stranger in that the religious symbolism of Brahmanism is often repellent to Western minds, incomparably more so than that adopted by the Buddhist art of China and Japan. We can understand without much difficulty the significance of the seated figure of Buddha; the Kwannon or Goddess of Mercy is a welcome, almost a Christian conception, but we stand aghast before certain many-armed and many-headed figures in which the ideas of Siva or Vishnu are externalized. But one may doubt whether this in itself would keep us at bay. It is rather the curious incoherence—for to us it appears such—of Indian sculpture, its want of any large co-ordination, of any sense of relative scale. In its choice of relief and of the scale of ornament it appears without any principle. It is like a rococo style deprived of the lightness and elegance which alone make that style tolerable. Such a treatment implies for our minds a fundamental conflict between the motive and its expression; for these heavily ornate reliefs—one cannot but have in mind the Amar-avati sculptures of the British Museum—are intended apparently to convey notions of grave religious import, and such ideas are for us inevitably connected with a certain type of line, with a certain austerity in the treatment of design, with large unperturbed sur-

faces or great and clearly united sequences of plane.

This is not written in any way as an answer to Mr. Havell's well-intentioned denunciation of the British official attitude to native Indian art. All that he avers may be true; it is merely an endeavor to state the real difficulties of approach to an understanding of Indian art, difficulties which, as we have seen, are not met with before Sino-Japanese art, or even before Egyptian art, where the symbolism of divinity is at least as strange and as likely to shock us as that employed by the Indians. Nor is it said as a condemnation of the whole of Indian figurative art. There are reproduced in Mr. Havell's book many sculptures which must appeal deeply to any unbiassed and sensitive European.

The free and picturesque composition from Ellora, representing "Ravana under the mountain of Kailâsa," complicated though it is, is held together by the dramatic beauty of movement of the figures of Siva and Parvati. The same dramatic vitality is apparent in the struggle between Narisinha and Hiranya-Kasipu, also from Ellora. Indeed all the Ellora and Elephanta sculptures here reproduced appeal to the European eye by a relatively greater observance of the laws of co-ordination, and by an evidence of dramatic force which indicates that Indian art did not always convey its meaning in a strange tongue. The same is true, in an even greater degree, of the superb colossal figure of a war-horse led by a striding soldier from Kanârak in Orissa. This has indeed, in the highest degree, the qualities of great monumental design, and one may sympathize fully with Mr. Havell when he says of it that it not only shows the versatility of Indian sculptors in the past, but points to one of the many potential opportunities which might be opened to their descendants in the

present day if Anglo-Indians, who persist in treating them as ignorant children, possessed the capacity of the Mogul craftsman for understanding and utilizing the extraordinary artistic resources of the land in which they live. For certainly, among all the commonplace statues of British Viceroys and Generals by European artists set up on the *maidans* of Calcutta and Bombay, there is not one to be placed in the same category as this.

But it is rather outside of India proper that, if we may judge from Mr. Havell's work, we must look for those aspects of Indian sculpture which are most likely to appeal to European taste. The great statues at Anuradhapara in Ceylon, and the reliefs at Bôrôbudûr in Java, have noble qualities of style. In the Bôrôbudûr reliefs the eye can rest upon straight lines, upon untroubled spaces of flat stone, upon mouldings of classic simplicity; the bands of ornament, intricate and elaborate as they are, are held in place by the nice choice of relief, being low and unaccented, in opposition to the deep cutting and full modelling of the panels they surround. And in these panels, in spite of the full roundness of the modelling and the wealth of ornamental detail, the unity is maintained by a fine sense of rhythm and discreet massing and spacing.

Doubtless Mr. Havell is justified in maintaining that by this time all trace of Greek influence has departed from Indian art; certainly no one would be disposed to deny the immense superiority of these reliefs to the derivative art of Gandhara; but it is odd that the particular balance between realism and large suavity of decorative rhythm here attained, comes nearer to certain Greek reliefs than to anything else, though in their over-ripe sweetness and richness of effect one would compare them with neo-Attic rather than with Phidian examples.

Of Indian painting it is almost impossible for us to form at present any

idea. The great examples for all the earlier centuries (100 B.C-700 A.D.) are the frescoes in the caves of Ajanta, and until these are adequately reproduced we can form no judgment. The reproduction given by Mr. Havell is too fragmentary. On the other hand, the reproductions of frescoes from Sigirya in Ceylon have singular beauty and make one wish that further study of these should be undertaken. They have a strange and disquieting charm, at once noble and perverse, as of some one who should combine the arts of Fra Angelico and Felicien Rops. For the later periods of Indian painting it is impossible to share Mr. Havell's enthusiasm; the Thibetan art which he includes is essentially provincial Chinese, and the Mogul art is debased Persian. To any one who has once familiarized his eye with Persian originals these can make but a feeble appeal. Nor does he strengthen his case by including the efforts of certain modern artists. Such pictures as that of "Siddhas of the Upper Air" show that, however anxiously these artists strive to adopt the formulæ of their ancestors, the spirit that comes to expression is that of the American magazine illustrator. Nothing indeed could provide a stronger proof of the profound corruption which contact with European ideas has created in Oriental taste than these well-intentioned but regrettable drawings. Mr. Havell has done a much-needed work in putting before English readers the serious claims of Indian art; the fact that he puts them in a rather needlessly provocative manner may perhaps delay their acceptance, but such righteous indignation is doubtless excusable in one who has watched close at hand the substitution of European commercial products for those of an ancient and respectable craftsmanship.

It is entirely from this point of view indeed that Mr. Coomaraswamy's book

is conceived. Himself a Cingalese (or, as he no doubt correctly calls it, Sinhalese), he writes in a far more restrained tone than Mr. Havell, but his criticism of English influence on Sinhalese art is quite as severe. For he is not concerned with the history of the great masterpieces; his work is almost as much sociological as aesthetic; he seeks to investigate and explain the methods of Sinhalese craftsmen, to fix the outlines of an artistic industry and education before it finally disappears. The interest of such an attempt is great, for the tradition of craftsmanship which survived in full force until the English occupation, and vestiges of which still linger in remoter districts, was closely akin to that which obtained in Europe in the Middle Ages.

We ourselves, ever more and more disgusted with the effects upon art and life of machinery under commercial competition, have, since Ruskin pointed the way, turned with eager curiosity to the study of medieval craftsmanship and organization of labor. In this direction Mr. Coomaraswamy's record is likely to be of great value, for although, as he himself admits, the works which he discusses are not masterpieces, are in fact the ordinary utensils of daily life, still they bear upon them the stamp of individual care and sound craftsmanship.

We have so far left out of account the art of Persia. To this Mr. Binyon devotes a brief chapter. No doubt the time has not yet come to write a history of Persian art, or to trace all the influences from China, from Syria, and from Egypt which were brought to bear on the earlier Sassanian tradition. Mr. Binyon, no doubt, rightly remarks on the Chinese influence, though he underestimates, I think, the indigenous tradition and speaks of the conquests of Ghengis Khan and Tamerlane as a quickening influence. Now perhaps the finest pottery and some of the no-

blest draughtsmanship and design which we know at all was produced at Rakka and Rhages before the Mongol conquests. Indeed that particular art was brought to an end by the devastations they caused. Mr. Binyon seems scarcely to give sufficient weight to this essentially Persian tradition—a tradition of drawing unsurpassed in certain respects even by the finest Chinese art. Nor was figure art confined to the decoration of this marvellous lusted pottery. In the Bibliothèque Nationale there is an illuminated manuscript dating from the early part of the thirteenth century in which the same great and purely indigenous figure drawing is seen; moreover, we know that the Fatimite rulers of Egypt had the walls of their palaces covered with frescoes in which, judging from the descriptions which have survived, the human figure was represented on a large scale. Finally, the discoveries at Kossel-Amra, published by MM. Riegel and Karabacek, show that as early as 860 the artists of the Nearer East were able to cover the whole interior of a building with frescoes. All this points to the existence of a great artistic tradition in early Mohammedan times extending from Egypt to Persia. But for the real history of this great efflorescence of Mohammedan culture we must await the results of researches such as those carried on by Dr. Martin. No doubt Chinese influence may have come in earlier—and certain pieces of pottery of the Yuan dynasty which have lately come to Europe point to this conclusion; but the great pe-

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riod of Chinese influence in Persia was the sixteenth century, when already Persian design was over-ripe. Almost everything that survives of Persian art of the thirteenth century shows such impeccable taste, the drawing has such nobility and freedom, the decoration is so largely conceived, that it is difficult, after seeing specimens of this period, to tolerate the sixteenth and seventeenth century work which once stood as typically representative of Persian art.

What will be the effect upon Western art of the amazing revelations of these last twenty years? One can scarcely doubt that it will be almost wholly good. When once the cultivated public has grown accustomed to the restraint, the economy of means, the exquisite perfection of quality, of the masterpieces of Eastern art, it will, one may hope, refuse to have anything more to say to the vast mass of modern Western painting. And then, perhaps, our artists will develop a new conscience, will throw over all the cumbersome machinery of merely curious representation, and will seek to portray only the essential elements of things. In thus purifying pictorial art, in freeing it from all that has not immediately expressive power, Western artists will be merely returning to their own long forgotten tradition. The greatest practical value of Eastern art for us lies in the fact that those essential principles which, in our thirst for verisimilitude, we have overlaid, have been upheld with far greater constancy by the artists of the East.

Roger Fry.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

When in one of his essays Mr. Yeats wrote of emotional symbolism and intellectual symbolism, he marked the distinction between the essential qual-

ity of great poetry and the characteristic of a short-lived school; and also described his own work, which is full of both sorts of symbolism. What he

calls "the curious undefinable symbolism, which is the substance of all style," is certainly the essence of true poetry. But not content with this, which he has achieved more often than any other poet of his generation, he has desired, in common with so many French writers, the second, more definite sort. That is to say he has wanted for words an absolute value, and to evoke ideas of beauty by the use of beautiful names. But the symbolist movement, in this narrower sense, has already proved ephemeral; for it had no roots in reality. It was based on the fallacy of art for art's sake, the fruit of minds weary of life and in quest of a beauty divorced from life, a causeless effect. It made for elaborate and meaningless artifice, and tended to lose the beautiful in the grotesque. For by putting away life it put away the only standard by which beauty can be recognized. The symbolists wished to make certain words, the names of certain things and persons, absolutely correspondent to some intellectual idea. But words are only vitalized, made significant, by the energy behind them. They have not in themselves emotional value, except by the accident of traditional association, and to make the significance of poetry dependent on an accident is to limit it. Mr. Yeats has also been much interested in mysticism and the doctrine of symbols in relation to other things than literature. Into these secret places it is not for the profane to follow him, but their effect on his poetry is for all men to see. His supreme enthusiasm, however, the one which has been with him from *The Wanderings of Ushen* to *Deirdre*, and has eventually driven him from the quietism once so knit with it, is unquestionably his enthusiasm for the legends and old life of his native country. That is the factor of his work which counts for the most, and it has wrought for good and evil.

These two preoccupations, symbolism and patriotism, have never been far from his writing, and though the second is unquestionably the stronger and more permanent, it was, ten years ago, nearly always leavened with mysticism. In the 'Dedication of *The Secret Rose*, that book of tales in which cabalistic things are so abundant, he says: "When one looks into the darkness there is always something there." That is no mere paradox. But it is at least no truer than that there are also things in the light. In his dislike of mere externality, Mr. Yeats was in danger of becoming obvious. He could see mystery only in mysticism. He speaks of Mr. Kipling as having "turned from serious poetry altogether," because Mr. Kipling has the imagination to see the essential energy behind the trivial and the commercial. Poetry is a subjective quality and exists where the poet finds it. To seek it only in what is old and remote is not only unnecessary but dangerous. You may come to love antiquity for its own sake and to hunt among tombs.

In his scorn of the conventions of cities Mr. Yeats fled to the villages of his native land, taking his preoccupations with him. In the Irish peasant, whose mysticism is part of his daily life, he saw only one whose "dream has never been entangled by reality." He did not see, as Mr. Synge saw, the human side of the picture. He mixed what he learned from the folk with what he had learned from the alchemists, and so evolved an intellectual symbolism which can only be perfectly understood by those who have pursued the same studies. He wished to make art for art's sake a national ideal, and Ireland a Nirvana.

Yet, transcendentalist as he is, Mr. Yeats has not orthodoxy adhered to his earlier faith. There has been transition, rather than violent change, in his point of view. It had long been his

ideal to "spread a tradition of life that makes neither great wealth nor great poverty, that makes the arts a national expression of life, that permits even common men to understand good art and high thinking, and to have the fine manners these things can give." This ideal eventually led to the foundation of the Irish Literary Theatre, afterwards the Irish National Theatre Society, a practical step which no mere quietist would have taken. And either as cause or effect of this interest in affairs, Mr. Yeats's attitude towards the whole of art has become far more human. In *Samhain*, the organ of the theatre and in the book of essays significantly called *Discoveries* he has expounded his new philosophy. He who once wished to "cast out of serious poetry those energetic rhythms, as of a man running" could, five years later, write: "All good art is extravagant, vehement, impetuous, shaking the dust of time from its feet, as it were, and beating against the walls of the world." He desires in art "intensity of personal life . . . the strength, the essential moment of a man who would be exciting in the market or at the dispensary door." Music does not interest him, being too impersonal, but he can rejoice in the vitality of a girl playing on a banjo. He is a little bitter about his old desire for impersonal beauty and intellectual essences and cares to ascend out of common interests "only so far as we can carry the normal, passionate, reasoning self, the personality as a whole."

It is this lust of life which has made him, latterly, give so much time to play-writing and so little to lyric. Drama has been to him "the search for more of manful energy, more of cheerful acceptance of whatever arises out of the logic of events, and for clear outline, instead of those outlines of lyric poetry that are blurred with desire and vague regret." So he has given him-

self to drama and done violence to his nature.

For, with all his theories, Mr. Yeats remains as subjective as ever. His ideas are still the fruit of his own brooding; which is to say that they are the stuff of poetry but not the stuff of drama. His plays are but the portioning of his dream among many mouths. He is too much of a poet, too impatient of all but the essentials, to accept those conventions to which every dramatist must submit.

To make drama, even poetic drama, requires some strain in the character not properly artistic, something mundane, perhaps Philistine. It was probably because they were frankly interested in material, everyday things that the Elizabethans wrote immortal plays, while the plays of the great Victorian poets, who studiously sought to avoid the commonplace and contemporary, are for the most part pale and lifeless, and never as great as their undramatic poetry. If a play is to live on the stage it must have the circumstances of life; if it is to live long it must have the emotional value of poetry. Mr. Yeats's prose plays seem pallid for lack of earthly circumstance. His verse plays are lyric, and lyric spoiled of half its beauty by an ugly mechanism. Moments of them come to us urgently, but as poetry rather than as drama and in spite of the footlights. But, since no play either can or should stay always at its highest point, the lower levels lose their poetry among the stage furniture without taking on that likeness of daily life which, in the theatre, keeps us interested in the intervals of emotion.

For Mr. Yeats is first and last a lyric poet. "All good art is founded upon personal vision," he had said; but personal vision, which is the beginning and end of lyric, is the beginning but not the end of drama. Mr. Yeats's vision is intensely personal. He is al-

ways true to himself and that, with the gift of finding melodious and appropriate words which is also his, is what makes a poet. His lyric poetry, when not rendered unacceptable by remote learning and arbitrary symbols, has the qualities which make poetry unforgettable, beauty of phrase and measure wedded to subjective realism, which is the true, the emotional symbolism. That subjectivity, that absorption in essentials and constitutional inability to be troubled with common things, which makes *The Shadowy Waters* as beautiful as *The Wanderings of Ushoen* but almost as little suited for the stage, has made lyric after lyric after lyric.

tistically perfect. If some of them have that obscurity which is never a virtue in poetry there are others with the lovely simplicity of folk-songs.

Mr. Yeats's immortality will, perhaps, be like Herrick's; not so gay, but as delicately poised on a few songs. Herrick, Watteau, all those for whom life has held light loves and easy tears are none the less artists for that. Truth to vision and sincerity of emotion are what we ask for in art. A little summer song, if it be the perfect expression of the mood that gave it birth, will outlive the subtlest fruit of intellectual shadows.

Francis Bickley.

OWER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

"Nicholson's Orphanage and Training Home for Young Servants": you may visit it any day, inspect its spotless dormitories and class rooms, pry into its inmost workings, examine personally each of its fifty inmates; and yet be unable to find the slightest fault with anything.

Except—but here a very big except comes in—that a chill will creep round your heart at the thought of fifty young lives growing up in the terrible iron precision of the place. Not a tendrill of individuality allowed to escape the shears of system; each little budding character ruthlessly pruned down to the regulation shape and kept to it.

But no such sentimental reflections overcame good Mrs. Gilchrist, of Sandyhill Farm, in the county of Fife, when she arrived one day to interview Miss Martin, the matron of Nicholson's, about a young servant.

Mrs. Gilchrist had gone over the whole institution in company with the matron, and they had prosed, as such women will, on the to them exhaustless subject of domestic servants. In the

classrooms she had been shown the fifty little orphans, all dressed alike in peculiarly hideous frocks of speckled brown and white cotton, with their hair dragged back from their foreheads by crop combs. When they stood up it was exactly as if a set of nine-pins had come to life, so precisely similar was each child to the other. The fifty were divided by age into different classes, so that even their height was in most cases identical—the younger girls in two classes, the older ones in three others, for the orphans ranged from four to fifteen, at which age they were supposed to go out into the world to seek their desperate little fortunes as best they might. They were equipped, it is true, with a good knowledge of household work, a fair education, and even an outfit of simple clothes—all these they had; but of love, the one thing that is most needful in a young life, they were cruelly destitute.

To return to our story. Mrs. Gilchrist had told Miss Martin just what she wanted: "A nice young general

servant; not perfection, Miss Martin, for you won't get it nowadays, but one I can make something of." (Women of this type will invariably make this remark and agree upon it with portentous head-shakings, though it is much to be questioned whether perfection was at all easier to find in olden times than it is in the twentieth century.)

"No more you will," Miss Martin agreed. "I don't know one among all my girls that I could call perfect in her work." (Poor mites, it would have been sad if they had been, at their age!)

"Well, as I say, I don't expect perfection; but I must have a good worker, and I hate a lazy girl."

Miss Martin dubitated, her thick underlip thrust out in an ugly expression of intense consideration. She was an excellent woman, kind and capable, made for the position she occupied—but the gods had denied her beauty.

"I wonder now would Divina Binning suit you?" she exclaimed suddenly.

"Tell me about her," said Mrs. Gilchrist.

"Well, Divina's the oldest girl I have just now; she's home from a place where she's been for a while. Divina's sixteen and more now, and a well-grown, healthy girl."

"Why did she leave her place?" the intending mistress asked; and again Miss Martin fell into her ugly grimace of deliberation.

"Well, I don't mind telling you that I took Divina away myself. The fact of the matter was, I found they were not very desirable people. They gave almost no wages either. I didn't mind that as a beginning, however; no, it was other things I found out convinced me it wasn't the place I wanted for one of my girls, so I advised Divina to come back here for a week or two while I looked out another place for

her, and she's here now. I have to be careful the sort of places I send my girls to." The two women looked at each other and nodded sagely.

"Indeed you do. Well, what about Divina's work?" Mrs. Gilchrist said.

Miss Martin paused, apparently summing up the character of the absent Divina before she spoke.

"Divina can work when she likes, Mrs. Gilchrist. She's a good riser, a fair cook, and honest and respectable; but she's careless—very. It wouldn't be right of me not to warn you of it. But there's one thing about Divina—everyone that has to do with her likes her. I like her myself, though I was never done reproving her all the years she was here. She came to me a child of six, and so I've a good knowledge of her. Divina's full of faults; but I advise you to take her, Mrs. Gilchrist; you might get many worse."

It was not a rose-colored character-sketch, but it was an honest one. Mrs. Gilchrist finally asked to see the girl, and Miss Martin bustled off in search of her.

Divina appeared: one of the regulation Nicholson type, only taller; gowned in hideous speckled print, aproned in white, an image of decorum and tidiness. Her curly red hair had been remorselessly treated with a wet brush, which had almost managed to flatten it down—only her eyes defied all the powers of Nicholson's to change their congenital sparkle.

"This is Divina," said Miss Martin, by way of effecting an introduction between mistress and maid. "And, Divina, Mrs. Gilchrist here is wanting a general servant."

Divina bobbed an old-fashioned courtesy, as she had been taught to do, and kept silence.

"I've a farm in Fife," Mrs. Gilchrist said, "and I think you may suit me for a general servant. There's not much work, for there's only myself in the

house. You get good food, and can get early to bed if you like; but I like a girl that will rise early, and a willing girl, and one than can take a telling."

"Yes, m'am," said Divina.

"I think you're always willing to do your best, are you not, Divina?" said Miss Martin anxiously—it was like pressing a pair of reluctant lovers to come to the point.

"Yes, m'am," said Divina again.

"And many a telling you've taken from me," said Miss Martin, with a smile that roused an answering sparkle in Divina's eyes, while she made answer once more:

"Oh, yes, m'am."

"Well, then, Divina, I think you may suit me quite well," said Mrs. Gilchrist. "Do you wish to try the place?"

"Yes, m'am, thank you; I'd like to try the place, please."

Thus the bargain was come to, and then Miss Martin and Mrs. Gilchrist fell to discussing the question of wages. Finally Divina was engaged to go to Sandyhill Farm on the first of the following month at the rate of one pound a month.

"And you may count yourself a very fortunate girl," Miss Martin told her, "to get a good place, a kind mistress, and twelve pounds a year. You couldn't get a better start in life; see that you make the best of it; it's not every girl who is so lucky."

Divina was quite of the same opinion, and set off blithely to seek her fortunes in the kingdom of Fife.

In the next six months Divina made about as many mistakes as it would have been possible for one girl to make in the given time; yet, strange to say, at the end of these six months, Mrs. Gilchrist decided to ask her to stay on for the summer. There was certainly "something," as Miss Martin had said, about Divina which made one like her in spite of countless faults. She was

so intensely willing, so impetuously obliging, that, although these qualities often led her into the most provoking mistakes, it was impossible to be angry with her for more than a minute. "I must try to make something out of her yet," Mrs. Gilchrist thought. The fine, caller air of Fife, the healthy work, and the good food she got were in the meantime making something of Divina physically. She was developing into a very pretty young woman indeed, rather to the dismay of her mistress, who had a slight distrust of too much beauty. "She'll need looking after," the good woman thought; "there are so many lads about the place." Divina, therefore, had a tolerably strict watch kept upon her—a watch she did not resent in the least; it was as nothing compared with the stringent discipline of Nicholson's. The girl went about her work gaily, singing, as she scrubbed the floor or peeled potatoes, in a shrill soprano voice that made Mrs. Gilchrist clap her hands to her ears and command her to be silent. Then Divina would chirp out "Oh, I'm sorry, m'am" in the most pleasant way, but ten minutes later would be at it again. One might as well have commanded a canary in a sunny room to be mute.

Still, whenever Mrs. Gilchrist thought of sending Divina away, it seemed as if the house would be intolerably dull without her; so she decided to keep the girl and put up with her many shortcomings for the sake of her pleasant nature.

"Are you willing to stay on here, Divina?" she asked her one morning.

"Yes, m'am, quite willant," said Divina, who had retained some of her native idioms in spite of all the educational advantages of Nicholson's; "I like fine to be here."

"I'm glad of that; I thought you were looking well and bright lately," said Mrs. Gilchrist, rather flattered,

naturally, to find that her place was considered such a happy one. Divina grinned, and fell to work scrubbing the kitchen table with great energy.

"I'm sure it's a comfort to see a girl so contented in these days," said Mrs. Gilchrist; "most of them fly from one situation to another every six months in search of excitement. I'm glad to see you have more sense." Had she known the true reason of Divina's present contentment, her mind might not have been quite so easy; happily for herself, however, she was not omniscient, and the girl kept her own counsel. This was the secret, such as it was:

One fine evening, some weeks before, Divina had been sent across the yard to the dairy for a jug of cream. She carried in her hand Mrs. Gilchrist's most precious old china cream jug—a manifestly absurd thing to do. As she crossed the yard, John Thompson the ploughman came through the gate, leading his horses to the water-trough.

John was a handsome, well set up man, but of a taciturn, unfriendly nature, very unlike that of our young friend Divina. With a nod and a smile she passed the time of day with him, but John gave only the most surly response, and tramped on across the yard, the great, thirsty horses hastening their laggard steps as they smelt the water.

Divina was angry; what had she done to be treated like this? All her budding feminine instincts were roused to life; she determined that John must be the captive of her bow and spear. But in her anger she did not look where she was going, and stumbled on the step at the dairy door. The jug fell from her hand and cracked across on the stones. For a moment Divina stood perfectly still, gazing at the broken jug; then she sat down and burst into tears. Her simple grief over what she had done would have

melted a heart of stone, and John, turning to see what was the matter, left his horses at the trough and came across to where she sat weeping among the fragments of broken china.

"It's the best chiny—the very best," she sobbed. "And Mrs. Grant from the Mains coming over for her tea and all." She wept aloud.

Even John was melted to pity, and sought for some consolation to offer her.

"The mistress 'll no' be hard on a bonnie lassie like you," he assured her, taking certainly the surest way he could have taken to erase all thought of her fault from Divina's mind. It was the first time in her life that she had heard herself called bonnie—no wonder the sudden compliment went to her head like wine. Of course her chief thought from that time onward was to make herself look bonnier still in the eyes of a man who had first apprised her of the fact of her own good looks.

Like a smouldering fire that will suddenly leap up into flame, all the dormant vanity of Divina's nature sprang to life. She examined her face in the tiny square of cheap looking-glass which served her for a mirror, and began to see latent possibilities in herself. Not every girl had such fine curly hair: that was one thing certain; she had heaps of it if it wasn't brushed back flat with a wet brush. Then Divina realized with a throb of delight that she was now a free agent—no longer under the yoke of Nicholson's, so why should she not do her hair as she chose? She shook out the tumble of curly red hair and began to adjust it on more fashionable lines. In church last Sunday she had noticed that all the young women in the choir had their hair frizzed out to the sides; hers would now be the same. A few minutes had changed the unimpeachable Nicholson plaits into something that nearly resembled the head-dress of

a savage queen. On this erection Divina plumed her cap, and then, feeling a little conscious but on the whole very proud of her appearance, she went down to the kitchen. Alas! Mrs. Gilchrist pounced upon her in a moment.

"Whatever do you mean coming down with your hair like that, Divina?" she said quite sharply. "Go upstairs at once and put it right."

"Please, m'am, I saw the girls in the choir," Divina said, a note of pleading in her voice, putting up both her hands to her head as if to protect it from injury.

"Yes, of course; silly things that should know better. They're a sight to be seen, with their hats and their chinongs," said Mrs. Gilchrist pitilessly. She had not the imagination that was necessary to divine the universal note which underlies even the most grotesque efforts at fashionable dressing. She did not see that one of the great primitive instincts prompts it; something "not to be put by," like that Presence of which the poet slugs. Failing to see this note of universality in Divina's striving after fashion, Mrs. Gilchrist saw only individual silliness in it; she decided to check this in the bud. But being a kind and sensible woman, she reasoned with the girl about it only, instead of giving her harsh commands.

"Believe me, Divina, a girl just spoils herself by aping unsuitable fashions. They're silly enough for ladies who can sit all day doing nothing, but they're downright folly for girls that have to work; look at the coal-dust and carpet-sweepings you'll get into your hair if you wear it all frizzed that way like a mop! If you're a sensible girl, you'll go upstairs and smooth it out again."

Divina's eyes filled with tears; she had liked her own appearance so much with puffed-out hair. She hesitated for a moment, almost meditating rebel-

lion, then slowly turned away, mounted the stair to her room, and with great difficulty subdued the Zulu head-dress to smaller proportions. "I'll no' make it *quite* flat," she said to herself, pulling out a becoming little ripple under the frill of her cap. Its appearance comforted her, and she gazed at herself again with some complacency. "I wonder would Mrs. Gilchrist no' like me in a pink wrapper?" she mused; the hideous speckled brown and white Nicholson fabric, with its horrible wear-resisting qualities, was fit only for ugly girls. She, whom John the ploughman called bonnie, should wear pink print. Divina held a pink flannelette duster under her chin at this point, and thought the effect was exquisite. Then she descended once more to the kitchen.

"There, now, Divina, you look more like yourself," said Mrs. Gilchrist heartily. "And I must say you're a good-natured girl as ever lived. I've known some that would have been disagreeable over less."

Divina laughed in her pleasant way, and no more was said about the matter. But the incident had set Mrs. Gilchrist thinking. Without any doubt Divina was growing rapidly; she looked almost a woman now, and these first dawnings of vanity would be sure to develop, and then there would be all manner of love affairs to contend with. . . . the girl was certainly pretty, and was just beginning to find it out, and no doubt the young men about the farm would begin to pay their addresses to her ere long. . . .

"Dear me, I wish I'd engaged that cross old body Mrs. Grant recommended; it wouldn't have given me all this responsibility," the good creature thought.

But all unconscious of the anxiety she was giving her mistress, Divina advanced gaily upon life; it had absolutely no terrors for her, and just now seemed very bright indeed. For she

had begun to lay siege to the reluctant heart of John Thompson, and found this the greatest fun possible. John was so silent, so unapproachable, that the element of sport was not wanting in her attempted conquest.

Divina cared not a rap about the man, she only wanted to have him admire her, and was determined that he should do so.

Under the stern eye of Mrs. Gilchrist it was not easy to have many interviews with John, but it is wonderful what determination will do in these affairs. Divina seemed generally to be at the back door as John came across the yard, and she always had a smile and a word for him: once or twice she even managed to extract a slow smile from John, and that was a great achievement. He was a curious man, dour and difficult, the product of a Scotland that is almost extinct in these degenerate but happier days. His whole view of life was joyless and stern; he "kept himself to himself," the neighbors said, and in all his thirty years had never been known to pay his addresses to any woman. Indeed, there was an almost aristocratic aloofness in the man: he would not associate with any of the village people. Alone he lived with his old mother, going and coming to his work with the regularity of a machine, tolling early and late, with apparently no thought of amusement or relaxation of any kind. A strange target this for Divina to aim at with her careless arrows!

It is well known that fortune favors the brave, so this must have been why Divina was sent along one afternoon with a message from her mistress to old Mrs. Thompson. Always glad of a diversion from the routine of her work, Divina was doubly pleased to have this opportunity of seeing John's house and John's mother. She would have liked to change into her Sunday

merino, but Mrs. Gilchrist's command to "go as she was" could not be disobeyed, and, accordingly, Divina stepped across the field in her demure speckled print gown, her white apron, and little cap, as prim as a young Quaker.

The cottage door stood open, for the day was warm, and looking in Divina could see that John and his mother sat at tea in the kitchen. John rose at the sound of her knock and came to the door, silent, but, as Divina was quick to notice, with a lurking smile on his lips.

"Come in bye," he said, curtly, standing aside to let her pass in, for his great figure almost filled up the doorway.

"Oh, I'll not be comin' in the day, thank you," said Divina, primly, though she was dying to enter the house. "The mistress sent me over wi' a message for Mrs. Thompson."

"Come in bye, lassie; what for are ye standin' there?" called the old woman insistently from the kitchen. Divina hesitated, relented, and then found herself in the cottage at last.

"The mistress says, could ye kindly spare her a pair o' ducklings, Mrs. Thompson, please; she's wishful to keep hers for the market, and she's expectin' friends to their dinner come Friday?" Divina said, repeating off her message as a child says its school lesson.

The old woman, however, did not apparently wish to be hurried into this bargain.

"Sit ye doon, sit ye doon till I think, lassie; it's no' easy to say n' at aince. Ye'll hae a cup o' tea wi' us?" She looked sharply at the girl as she spoke; but Divina, with down-dropped eyelids, made the most modest reply:

"Thank ye kindly, Mrs. Thompson, but we're thrang at the farm the day. I'll not stop the day, thank ye."

"Hoots, a cup'll no' hinder ye long."

said John suddenly. He drew forward a chair for Divina, and reached across to the dresser for another cup and plate. It was impossible to refuse such pressing hospitality, and Divina accepted the chair and the tea without any farther show of reluctance.

She might not have been so willing to do so if she had realized the intense scrutiny she was undergoing from the eyes of Mrs. Thompson. Every woman undergoes it from the mother of the man who has the temerity to let his admiration be evident—under heaven there is no searchlight to equal that maternal eye.

But, all unconscious of this, Divina sipped her tea and made herself most agreeable, answering the old woman's questions quite frankly.

"Yes, she had been trained at Nicholson's; yes, you got a fine training there; no, her parents were both dead; yes, she was very happy at the farm; no, she didn't find the work heavy." . . . So the catechism ran. John had finished his tea, lighted his pipe, and now puffed silently at it, listening attentively to everything that passed between Divina and his mother. What it was that attracted him in the girl he scarcely knew. It wasn't altogether her pretty face, John rather despised these allurements; nor altogether her way of making a man laugh in spite of himself. No, he thought it must be something in the way she had been brought up. She seemed to have none of the nonsense of most girls: just look at her, how sensible-like she was, always tidy and quiet in her dark print and her white apron! Perhaps, though John did not admit it to himself, some hidden instinct of chivalry also moved deep down in his heart; the girl was young and unprotected, without father or mother, kith or kin of her own. She needed a man to care for her if ever a woman did.

But John was horribly prudent, noth-

ing was farther from his thoughts than any hasty revelation of his feelings; he decided to wait and see more of Divina.

In order to do this satisfactorily, however, it would be necessary to take one decided step: he must ask her to walk out with him. In this way only could he see more of Divina, and without knowing her better John could not make up his mind to make her an offer of marriage.

All this and more passed through his thoughts as Divina sat there drinking her tea and talking with his mother. Finally, when she rose to go, John offered to go as far as the farm with her: "It was time to see to his horses," he said. But Divina knew better.

They set off together across the field walking slowly by a little footpath that led through the now yellowing corn, John very silent, Divina very talkative, till they reached the stile leading over into the farmyard. Here they came to a standstill, and John became aware that the awful moment for speech had arrived.

"Yer oot on Sundays whiles?" he asked bluntly. "What would ye say if I cam wi' ye?"

Divina had been expecting this advance, yet she feigned surprise and even hesitation. "It was very kind," she said, "but then she went to the minister's Bible-class on Sunday afternoons." . . .

"What o' that? Yer no' at the class n' the afternoon?"

"No more I am," Divina admitted.

"Weel, then, I'll be at the cross-roads at five," said John with great finality, giving Divina no time to hesitate more, for he leaped over the stile and went off to the stable without waiting to hear another word that she might have to say.

As for Divina, she was in a state bordering on ecstasy. For unnum-

bered Sabbaths now she had trudged along the dismal Fifeshire roads, high-walled and dusty, to attend the Bible-class which Mrs. Gilchrist fondly hoped would be for her soul's good. And on the way, how many loitering couples she had met—couples who seemed contented with all things here below, while she, sorely against her will, went on her unattended way to Mr. Ferguson's Bible-class!

Now everything was to be changed.
The Cornhill Magazine.

No more would she take her dismal unattended trudge, but in company with John, the best-looking young man in the village, would proudly loiter along like other girls. That John should be her cavalier was a special joy, he who was known to be impervious to all female charms, that he had capitulated to hers. This was a triumph worth having! Divina hurried back to her work, smiling and demure, but with a kindling eye.

Jane H. Findlater.

(To be concluded)

A FRENCH PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.

It was a bye-election a few months ago, caused by the sitting member being elected Senator, and there were three candidates in the field—a Conservative, a Radical, and a Socialist. The average outsider would have noticed but little excitement, though there were a certain number of placards upon the walls. Each candidate had posted up his election address, to which had been added in due course other posters where the respective candidates had denounced one another as liars, traitors, sold to the Jesuits, the Jews, or the foreigner; and yet our Picards were not more than five and a half hours from London. On the other hand, there were few outward signs that an election was in progress—neither colors nor favors nor processions of gaily decorated carts or carriages. They are, on the whole, an unemotional people, and leave such demonstrations for the more excitable folk of the South. Disturbances were, however, expected in the neighboring market town. "Il y aura des bagarres" said my host, as two of the three candidates were going to speak not at the same but at successive meetings—the first at one and the second at three o'clock; and he added

that he was arming himself with a loaded revolver. This precaution proved, happily, to be unnecessary. The first meeting was the Conservative one. The garden of a disused convent was crowded with an audience of farmers and laborers, whilst the leading families of the department were well represented on the platform. The chairman and bureau—consisting of the assessors and secretary—were elected by the meeting, for these formalities have to be observed, and the chairman opened the proceedings. The candidate then addressed the meeting, not from the table, but walking up and down the platform and throwing out his words carelessly as he moved backwards and forwards. When he had finished speaking he and the chairman embraced with effusion. Hardly had this meeting broken up when the Radicals held theirs. The audience was practically the same, but the platform was different. When the candidate had finished speaking, the audience were told they might speak if they wished, but before anyone had time to say a word the proposer of the resolution was upon his legs. Everything seemed to pass off peaceably, and there were but few personalities. A few

days later, however, one of the candidates expressed himself pretty freely about his opponents. A challenge followed, revolver shots were exchanged, and the two candidates left the field with their honor thoroughly vindicated. The most interesting part of the contest was yet to come. The Socialist-candidate challenged his two opponents to a talking match; each candidate was to be allowed half an hour's speech and then another half-hour for the reply. I arrived forty minutes late and the Conservative candidate had just started—an honest, straightforward lawyer in good practice, but deadly dull. He defined his position clearly. He was no Clerical, never had he dragged his knees on the flags of a church, but he was a Frenchman and protested from the bottom of his heart against the evils of religious tyranny, spying, delation, and freemasonry. The chief duty of the Radical was to defend his Government, and to justify the existence of a capitalist as against a Socialist State. He was certainly the best speaker of the three; for the Socialist was a poor creature unable to do much more than give out the vaguest of Communistic generalities, though he was certainly far more advanced than men of his ticket are usually in Germany. The Socialists were in a majority, but they listened with the greatest courtesy to all the speakers.

These meetings only took place within the last fortnight of the campaign, for speakers left the people rigidly alone at other times. The Government were, however, steadily at work all through with their official organization. The *préfet* looked after the whole department while the *sous-préfet* attended to the *arrondissement*. Their importance was, however, dwarfed by that of the *délegué*, an unofficial representative of the Government who kept the authorities in touch with all that was going on in the vil-

lages. A small farmer was most anxious to have his son home from the colors so as to help him to get in his harvest. He applied through his Municipal Council, who forwarded his appeal to the proper quarters. The *délegué* sent for him and gave him to understand that the Municipality could do nothing; the only person who could help him was he, the *délegué*, but if he did so the farmer must pledge himself to stand by the Government.

The same thing happened when another peasant whose crops had been destroyed by a hailstorm asked for compensation from the Government. Every appeal passed through the *délegué*, and the favor was granted only to those who could be depended upon to vote for the Ministerial candidate. A similar course was adopted by him who wished to secure for a relative the right to sell stamps or tobacco, or for himself the "*mérite agricole*," the "*palmes académiques*," presumably accorded to those who had rendered services to the cause of agriculture or of education, and the legion of honor. As our Picards are rather an independent race they were not quite so dominated by the blandishments of the *délegué* as the Southerner; but still the *délegué* was able to do something and to secure a certain number of votes for the Ministerial candidate. As the day of the poll approached there was rather more effervescence among the Government officials than usual, and one realized that business was being done. Thus anyone who went to the *préfecture*, *sous-préfecture*, or even into the other Government departments, could see that something was up. A prominent official was heard to complain that he could not rely upon some of his subordinates who he knew were sending in absolutely untrue reports as to his loyalty to the Government behind his back. He had kept neutral the whole time, neither

working for nor against the Government—and this was brought up against him, especially as he was on friendly terms with the château and had shot there two or three times. On the day of the poll every voter recorded his vote in his own commune and dropped the ballot-paper where he wrote the name of his candidate into the ballot-box. Of course this destroys all secrecy in small districts where everyone's handwriting is known to the presiding officer and his assessors. When the votes came to be counted, the Conservative was returned by a good majority over the second candidate, but failed to secure more than half the votes recorded. A second ballot was therefore held a fortnight later on and the Ministerial candidate was returned by a small majority. It was proved that in two communes less votes were

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ultimately recorded than had been originally polled, whilst in another the total number of votes polled exceeded the number of men on the roll. Strange to say, the voting papers which had disappeared were given to the Conservative candidate, whilst the commune whose ballot-papers were so excessive gave a large majority to the official candidate.

These are small matters and are nothing to what happens in the South, where all sorts of tricks are openly practised. There was not much good in lodging a petition, whose result would have been a foregone conclusion. They have no election petition judges in France. It is the Chamber whose vote decides the question of whether there have been any irregularities, and in most cases that vote is given against the Opposition candidate.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF FICTION.

The position of fiction in this country presents some points of interest which are well worth consideration. Two decades ago it was calculated that the output of novels was some 800 a year. Since then the number has steadily increased, and probably the quantity of original fiction has more than doubled in twenty years. This, when looked at closely, is a sufficiently striking phenomenon, and must have at once its causes and its significance. It must never be forgotten that all arts suffer a gradual change, that, where there is no development, there must be degeneration, leading to the dissolution of death. All organic things alter, modify, adapt themselves in accordance with the unknown laws of progress or development. The drama, epic poetry, prose essays, fiction—all are in a state of flux, and have been ever since they were started in being. They are sub-

ject to the processes of evolution.

And evolution at its greatest amounts to revolution. The drama, for example, has undergone a revolution. When we compare the modern drama with its Elizabethan forbears, this becomes obvious. It was tantamount to a revolution when Fielding created the modern novel out of its picaresque and fragmentary antecedents. It may be that we are upon the eve of a revolution again. The fecundity of the novel, its breeding power, may seem to point to a new departure, to a determination and a fresh "break." Evolution has a way of passing into revolution.

The main cause of the new development may be set down as the fructification of the Education Act of 1870. Its efflorescence we have witnessed; we are now observing and noting the fruit. The advancement of mechan-

ical sciences and processes has, falling simultaneously, ripened that fruit amazingly. Who even in early middle age does not remember the magazines and periodicals once flourishing that have passed away? *Fraser's*, *Longman's*, *Macmillan's*, *Temple Bar*, *The Argosy*, *London Society*, *Belgravia*, *Murray's*, *The English Illustrated*—these are but a few names. Many others have passed into the limbo of almost forgotten things.

In their places we have a vast number of cheap magazines, conducted on entirely different principles, and making an appeal to a partially different public. We say "partially" for reasons which will appear presently. Those of the old guard that remain continue for the most part to fly the flag, for it is known that the old guard do not surrender, but die as some have died. Long life to the survivors! Yet one may suspect and fear the approach of the ultimate cry, the *morituri vos salutamus*. The new-comers hold the ground, and win more of it. They are characterized by definite (one might also say indefinite) features. They are responsible for that monstrosity, the "series," as distinct from the serial; they make avid demand for sensationalism, for stories of crime, of mystery, of fustian adventure. They have encouraged the blurring of character; they invite primary colors, people labelled by virtues and vices in big letters, conventional acts and conventional qualities; and, above all, they stand for what is respectable and common and commonplace. It is safe to say that there is no chance for an unknown writer in these new and modern periodicals unless he conform to the Procrustean rules of their commercialism. If he be clever enough to adapt himself to their wants, he will find an opening; but, if he wander outside those narrow confines, he will fail to get a footing. The feuilleton in every

halfpenny paper tells the same tale. There is a tremendous demand for the sensational and the sentimental.

Nowadays it is understood among writers of fiction that the first consideration is serialization. The life of the average novel is, as we have said more than once, barely three months, and in consequence the sales of that novel cannot be very great. The author, knowing this in advance, invariably endeavors to recoup himself by previous publication in serial form. Thus the existence of the magazine has an influence upon the novelist. He is to that extent under the power of the periodical, and controlled by it. He tends to write with one eye upon its necessities and requirements; and as these requirements are not such as stimulate the writing of good work, good work is apt to be unwritten.

In another respect also the exigencies of the magazine have materially affected the novel; that is, in regard to the demand for a "happy ending." Few modern magazines will contemplate tragedy, certainly not tragedy in a long serial. To have his work accepted for serialization an author must concede a "happy ending" to the editor and his public. In consequence tragedy is at a discount, and the full presentation of human life in fiction is limited to that extent. Apart from Mr. Hardy's work, how many examples of tragedy which has made a success have we in modern fiction? We have, on the other hand, notorious instances in which a book meant to "end wrong," as the saying goes, has had a happy ending foisted on to it for the benefit of the sentimental public.

In these ways the rise of the cheap magazine has exercised a bad influence upon the modern novel. But there are other reasons also for the mediocrity of the latter. It would be ridiculous to claim that good judges and critics and men of taste are fewer to-day than they

were, say, a generation ago, when Victorian literature reached its flower. On the contrary, there are certainly more well-instructed tastes, and probably even a larger percentage in proportion to the rising population. But the multitude of books has affected this "fit audience, though few," and in a subtle way. It was a very much easier matter to sample and appraise the fiction of the day when the annual output was 500 than it is to do so now, when it stands at so much higher a figure.

In fact, there is probably no one living who pretends to keep abreast of contemporary fiction. To do so would be a superhuman task, and would result in the obfuscation of the human intellect. As a consequence, it is easier for talent to escape notice now than it was. Superlative talent, one hopes and half believes, will always obtain recognition, though historical facts are against the comfortable theory. But it is certain that novels of considerable worth are overlooked daily in the whirl of publishing, reading, and reviewing. We live at a faster pace than our fathers did in the literary world, as well as in the social and mechanical. Advertisement, chance, a lucky reader, may bring true worth to notice and acclaim; but for one thus discovered there may be a dozen withering for lack of attention. "Lorna Doone" owed its recognition to the fact of a royal marriage; Thomas Hardy found an avenue to fame because an editor's name occurred in "Under the Greenwood Tree." Accident will make discoveries still; but it does not do to comfort ourselves with the assurance that all the discoveries to be made are in consequence made. The people of real discrimination have no time to sort the immense welter of books poured forth; they are dependent upon the accident of reading.

This welter has in yet another way damaged the interests of talent. When

books were fewer, and there was a more leisurely appraisement of them, it was possible for the subscribers to circulating libraries to get guidance from their favorite journals. Criticisms more or less illuminating appeared in many papers of good standing; and by these the subscribers were apt to make up their daily or weekly list for Messrs. Mudie's or Messrs. Smith's. Nowadays the number of serious literary journals is sadly curtailed, and not only so, but those that remain find it almost impossible to cope with the vast harvest of the printing press. Matters are made worse by the crowd of papers with no literary standards which puff this and that novel recklessly. Thus the people who could once reckon on guidance are now confused by varying judgments, and thrown more or less upon their own resources, and, faltering between good and bad, as often as not choose the latter.

The spread of penny literature—to dignify it with that name—from kitchen to saloon has produced a state of confusion in the drawing-room. Once upon a time the drawing-room ordered its books according to competent advice, and, whether it read them or not, allowed them to remain for a fixed period upon the tables. Nowadays it is not incumbent on the drawing-room to order any particular book; and the cheapening of books and the tapping of new sources of supply have so bewildered the drawing-room that, as often as not, it reads the literature of the servants' hall. It once had guides; now it has few or none, and so goes its own way—to the neglect and detriment of the serious novel.

These considerations, which might be greatly amplified and illustrated, are forced upon one in estimating modern developments. At the same time it may be pointed out that never was there a wider and wealthier liberty

given to the novel than at present. The misguided attempt of some libraries to "edit" modern literature must inevitably be doomed to failure. The feeling of the day is heartily in favor of freedom. If you will pass in review the work of some of the principal novelists, it will be seen how they insist on, and claim for themselves, an honorable license. There is no trace to-day of the reaction which started some fifteen years ago. Since that set-back the movement in favor of a spacious and generous freedom has

The Athenæum.

gone steadily forward. If a man has it in him to write great truths concerning human life, he has the liberty to do so now more than ever before. But—but he cannot depend so easily on recognition. He may obtain this by affronting the ears of the public, which is only to say by a form of advertisement; but he will not necessarily obtain it by good work. Fiction has reached a curious stage of evolution. One is left wondering what will come after. Is it preparing for Revolution?

A Novelist.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

It has been said that for three hundred years the American people have been calling themselves young. Perhaps they definitely mean never to grow old, or perhaps, while consenting to the notion that age must come, they forget just how quickly the years slip by. Be that as it may, it is natural for young nations to ask themselves with peculiar anxiety whither they are tending, and—if they can answer that question—why fate is driving them there. Such questions are popular with Americans, and indeed there has been some excuse for redoubling the introspection since the United States changed her traditional policy of isolation. She was never, indeed, a hermit kingdom closed to the world like the Japan of sixty years ago, but she implicitly renounced all thought of joining in the dangerous and harassing traffic of the diplomatists. She did not then perceive that the imposing prohibition which she laid upon the movements of the rest of the world in the Monroe doctrine implied much that was not immediately visible. The

negative assertion implied the ultimate necessity of very positive assertions of policy. That necessity has been realized emphatically during the last twelve years. The American Navy and Army do not meet the new conditions; the machinery which controls the foreign relations of the country is unsatisfactory and cumbrous; the reactions on the national character of the new part the United States is playing in the world are not yet determined. All these matters make a fruitful theme for searching of hearts in the form of political philosophy. The books which ask in effect "Whither are we tending?" come in an unceasing stream, and we have noticed as an attractive quality in them that in proportion as the influence of the United States becomes more widely acknowledged in the world, the affirmations of national greatness become less positive in tone, and the questionings deeper and more earnest.

Of the two books before us, Mr. Croly's *The Promise of American Life* is a good example of the class of literature to which we have been referring. But we shall deal first with Mr. Maurice Low's book because it comes first in chronological order; it treats of

* (1) "The American People: a Study in Psychology." By A. Maurice Low. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [8s. 6d. net.].—(2) "The Promise of American Life." By Herbert Croly. London: Macmillan and Co. [8s. 6d. net.].

the influence of the origins of the American people on their character. Those who are familiar with Mr. Maurice Low's persistently expressed disapproval of Mr. Roosevelt and some of his policies will perhaps turn with relief to this volume of comparative psychology. Mr. Low does not profess to have conducted any novel researches, but his careful collation of all the writings and facts which bear on the subject has extended over nine years. His main conclusion is, we think, a just one: that all the most important characteristics of the American people are traceable to Puritan origins, and that the moulding force of these origins has been so intensely strong that a new race has in fact arisen. Puritanism proved itself to be not merely a religious impulse but a whole polity. Is it not a tremendous demonstration of its guiding-power that it has embraced and compelled into its train all the diverse elements which have been brought into the United States,—French, Irish, German, and Dutch?

Mr. Low is a little more intolerant than he need be of the ignorance about the origins of American national life. Really, we think he exaggerates it. We believe that the majority of English schoolboys are not in much danger of confusing the Pilgrims and the Puritans. Ten years elapsed between the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth and the settlement of the Puritans at Massachusetts, and the history-books tell of them as perfectly distinct events. Nor are quite humble readers of history in much danger nowadays of believing that the Puritans were entirely an austere and forbidding sect who banished all joy and color from their lives. The very fact that the Puritans split up into separate societies in the early days of American settlement—at the founding of Connecticut, for example—shows that even at that time Puritanism was not a narrow and exclusive

formula, but rather a frame of mind, an attitude towards life. Probably Mr. Low's long absence from England has made it difficult for him to grasp all the change which has come about within a generation or so in the English manner of thinking about Puritans and Puritanism.

Mr. Croly concerns himself chiefly with social and economic reconstruction within the United States. At the beginning we must confess ourselves puzzled by the distinction he draws in the following sentences:—

In the long run, consequently, the ordinary American will have nothing irremediable to complain about except economic and social inequalities. In Europe such will not be the case. The several European peoples have, and will continue to have, political grievances, because such grievances are the inevitable consequence of their national history, and their international situation; and as long as these grievances remain, the more difficult social problem will be subordinated to an agitation for political emancipation. But the American people, having achieved democratic institutions, have nothing to do but to turn them to good account. In so far as the social problem is a real problem and the economic grievance a real grievance, they are bound under the American political system to come eventually to the surface and to demand express and intelligent consideration. A democratic ideal makes the social problem inevitable and its attempted solution indispensable.

The assumption that the American people have achieved democratic institutions because they have accepted the theory of democracy is surely an extraordinary one. It shows that Mr. Croly is not incapable of the facile optimism which he deprecates in his countrymen. But illogical optimism is by no means characteristic of him. He recognizes the need of conscious and unceasing endeavor:—

American history contains much matter for pride and congratulation, and much matter for regret and humiliation. On the whole, it is a past of which the loyal American has no reason to feel ashamed, chiefly because it has throughout been made better than it was by the vision of a better future; and the American of to-day and to-morrow must remain true to that traditional vision. He must be prepared to sacrifice to that traditional vision even the traditional American ways of realizing it. Such a sacrifice is, I believe, coming to be demanded; and unless it is made, American life will gradually cease to have any specific Promise.

The chapter on Lincoln is particularly interesting, because the author argues, with convincing reason as we think, that Lincoln proved himself to be "more than an American":—

His personality obtained momentum, direction, and increasing dignity from its identification with great issues and events. He became the individual instrument whereby an essential and salutary national purpose was fulfilled; and the instrument was admirably effective, precisely because it had been silently and unconsciously tempered and formed for high achievement. Issue as he was of a society in which the cheap tool, whether mechanical or personal, was the immediately successful tool, he had none the less labored long in the making of a consummate individual instrument.

Of Mr. Roosevelt the author writes:—

The nationalization of reform endowed the movement with new vitality and meaning. What Mr. Roosevelt really did was to revive the Hamiltonian ideal of constructive national legislation. During the whole of the

The Spectator.

nineteenth century that ideal, while by no means dead, was disabled by associations and conditions from active and efficient service. Not until the end of the Spanish War was a condition of public feeling created, which made it possible to revive Hamiltonianism. That war and its resulting policy of extra-territorial expansion, so far from hindering the process of domestic amelioration, availed, from the sheer force of the national aspirations it aroused, to give a tremendous impulse to the work of national reform. It made Americans more sensitive to a national idea and more conscious of their national responsibilities, and it indirectly helped to place in the Presidential chair the man who, as I have said, represented both the national idea and the spirit of reform. The sincere and intelligent combination of those two ideas is bound to issue in the Hamiltonian practice of constructive national legislation.

It is very interesting to mark the growing appreciation of Hamilton among American writers of all shades of thought. Americans of liberal thought are becoming less "Jeffersonian" and more "Hamiltonian," just as Englishmen show more sympathy than formerly with Roundheads and less with Cavaliers. We do not mean that Americans as a nation ever followed the principles of Jefferson to the point of being predominantly anti-Federalist; but they used to resent the failure of Hamilton to understand that Federalism and the rule of the people were reconcilable. Now that democracy is no longer in dispute or in the least danger the genius of Hamilton in organizing government is appreciated without misgiving.

SOME OLD CHINESE SONGS.

Rendered into English by David Wilson.

I.

THE ROYAL ROAD IS RIGHT-
EOUSNESS.

(The "Shu King" is the most ancient collection of Chinese writings, and the "Great Plan" in Part V., Book IV., of it is assigned by some to the time of King Yao. If not belonging to the third millenium B.C., it is at least one of the oldest fragments of the "Shu King." And the unknown writer of the "Great Plan" quotes with approval a bit of poetry by a poet also covered by the oblivion that awaits us all.)

The Royal Road is Righteousness.
It's straight, without unevenness:
And private love, and private hate,
It leaves aside, by going straight,
On every side it gives a view,
For ever clear, for ever true:
And broad and easy 'tis to know,
For him who has the heart to go.
The Royal Road shall never bend.
The Royal Road shall never end.

II.

THE PRINCELY ROADS TO RUIN.

("Shu King," III., III., 2. Assigned to the third millenium, B.C.)
(Air.—"The Flowers of the Forest.")

I.

I've seen the smiling of plenty beguiling;
I've seen the follies make princes decay:
Single's the bright road, the only one
right road;
O, but to ruin, there's many a way!

II.

Game let them cherish; the other things
perish;
Waste is the land and the princes decay.

Vice let them treasure; in palace hunt
pleasure;
Certain to ruin them, that is a way.

III.

Oh how entrancing is damned necromancing!
Seeking the spirits the princes decay.
Fluting and fiddling, delightful diddiddling:
Ruin they reach in a musical way.

IV.

Carving and building, and painting and
gilding;
These are diseases make princes decay.
Single's the bright road, the only one
right road:
O, but to ruin there's many a way!

See "The Royal Road to Righteousness." But, perhaps, the best commentary on this beautiful song is a remark in a preceding chapter: "Shu King," II., II., 2:—"The mind of man is restless and prone to err, with small affinity to what is right. Be watchful and steady, so as to hold fast to what is righteous and moderate, avoiding foolish extremes."

III.

THE SONG OF THE HAPPY LOVER.

(Odes.—Tcheng-Ki-Tong, in his excellent book, of which a translation has been published under the title, "The Chinese: Painted by Themselves," by the Leadenhall Press, gives prose translations of various pieces in the odes, ending with this one, and adds: "Why can I not translate the harmony of our lines?" This may be sung to the sweet old Irish tune, "The Rose of Tralee.")

The long rampart's shadow grows
longer and longer;
'Twas here and 'twas now that she
promised to be:

I'm held here by love, that grows
stronger and stronger;

I'm restless, but patient—she's com-
ing to me!

Behold ye the fire-colored stone on my
finger?

It warms and it comforts me, feeling
like fire.

'Twas she gave it me, for whom here I
do linger,—

My darling, whose presence is all I
desire!

Saw ye ever a flower like this rose so
excelling?

So fragrant, so dainty, so perfect of
hue?

There's something about it that's bet-
ter worth telling—

I got it from her, I am telling you
true!

You'll see, when she comes, how com-
plete is her beauty;

For that's a detail that a stranger
can see;

But O! she's so good, and so perfect in
duty!—

I'm restless but patient—she's com-
ing to me!

IV.

THE SONG OF THE SORROWING
WIFE.

(*Odes.*—This is to the air of "Ye
Bank and Braes O' Bonnie Doon." It
is assigned to the good and beautiful,
but neglected, Kwang Kiang, the wife
of "duke Kwang of Wei," about the
middle of the eighth century B.C.)

I.

O Sun and Moon, that light the skies,
And shine upon the earth below,
See ye what's hid from other eyes?

See ye a weary woman's woe?

He wanders lawless where he will;

Yet never is from misery free;

O, how can he his spirit still?

And will he then remember me?

II.

O Sun and Moon that light the skies,

And leave in shade the earth below,

See ye what's hid from other eyes?

See ye a weary woman's woe?

For good he's aye returning ill,

Like one that only foes can see,—

O, how can he his spirit still?

And will he then remember me?

III.

O, Sun and Moon that climb the skies,

And shine upon the earth below,

See ye what's hid from other eyes?

See ye a weary woman's woe?

A wicked man, whose only skill

Is now a hypocrite to be,—

O, how can he his spirit still?

Or will he then remember me?

IV.

O, Sun and Moon that climb the skies,

And shine upon the earth below,

See ye what's hid from other eyes?

See ye a weary woman's woe?

Ye make me think of childhood's plays,

Ere ever I had learned to mourn;

My father's and my mother's days,

Departed, never to return!

V.

THE CHINESE AULD LANG SYNE.

(*Odes.*—This may be sung to the air
of "Auld Lang Syne.")

I.

Upon the trees we cut, "Kang, kang."

The birds reply "Ying, ying."

Up from the shady glen, one sprang,

Away upon the wing.

See where it sits on tree above,

In loneliness distressed.

As life is empty, lacking love,

It whistles for the rest.

II.

Since little birds each other hail,

Shall men not do the same?

Need we not friends to hear our tale,

And give our feelings name?

In harmony when all is said,
 So we'll at peace remain;
 And so shall friends, who long are
 dead,
 In spirit smile again.

VI.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

(*Air*.—"The Miller of Dee," or any similar air.)

(This is a traditional song, whereof two things can be said, that it is of great antiquity, and that the spirit of it is alive to-day. See Legge's Odes, The Nation.)

appendix to preface, giving old songs not in the classic.)

From morning sun,
 Till day is done,
 I'm working on the ground;
 And working hard,
 Have fit reward,
 For food and drink abound.

With food and drink,
 I'm free to think,
 And heed not powers that be.
 O, what care I
 If a king go by
 It's all the same to me!

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Easter thoughts and messages find pretty and artistic expression in a great variety of cards and leaflets which E. P. Dutton & Co. publish. It is fitting that the sacred season, so full of inspiration and hope to Christian believers, with its memories of an open tomb and its assurance of an endless life, should be used for an exchange of tokens and symbols between friends, and to this use these beautifully illuminated cards, with their texts and bits of verse, lend themselves. Among the most attractive this season are some exquisitely decorated post-cards.

Mr. Francis L. Wellman's "A Day in Court" is based on lectures originally delivered at Fordham and at Columbia, but its effect on the reader is that of a series of legal anecdotes, interspersed with statements of legal principles, and when he has finished it he will flatter himself that he is well-informed as to the second part of the title, "The Subtle Arts of Great Advocates." He will certainly be agreeably informed, for Mr. Wellman is master of the art of

telling a story, and of insinuating knowledge so pleasantly that one cannot choose but attend. His anecdotes are drawn from English as well as American practice, and his work, entertaining as it is, really has a high instructive value. The Macmillan Company.

Fascinating in themselves and a pleasing relief from the contemporary problem novel are the two volumes, "The Great English Short-Story Writers," edited with introductory essays and notes by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson (Harper & Brothers). The opening essay on "The Evolution of the Short Story" traces the history of the English short story back to the *Gesta Romanorum*, and indicates the stages of its development. It is a charming and sympathetic study and well repays a careful reading. The stories selected as examples—a dozen or more in each volume—range in time from Defoe to Kipling, Stevenson, Stockton, Bret Harte, James, Hardy and other moderns. They represent the very cream of this department of

fiction and may be read and re-read with delight.

Dr. James Stalker's little volume on "The Atonement" presents three lectures which were delivered some months ago at Inverness. Modest as the book is in size—containing but a little more than 100 pages—it is marked by the same thoroughness of scholarship and reverent spirit which characterize the author's more extended works "Imago Christi" and "The Ethic of Jesus." It treats a difficult and much-disputed subject with admirable clearness and force, and the conclusions which it reaches are presented not as subjects of controversy, but as grounds of faith. The author's method is characteristic, for, instead of taking the subject chronologically by considering first the Old Testament prophecies, he begins with "The New Testament Situation" considering the place there given to the death of Christ in the presentation of Christianity, and then passes to a review of the Old Testament foreshadowings of that death because these had helped to form the beliefs of the contemporaries of Jesus; and concludes with "The Modern Justification" of the doctrine which he finds taught in the New and foreshadowed in the Old Testament. A. C. Armstrong & Son, publishers.

The life of an Englishwoman belonging to one of the great political families, to whom concern with public affairs is as natural an inheritance as influence upon the passing mode, cannot fail to furnish the material for fascinating reminiscence, no matter how unassuming the individual may be. "The Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland, 1813-1870" fulfils the promise of the volume of her letters published in 1893, with an array of correspondents fairly dazzling. De Stael, Metternich, Talleyrand, the princess who was to become the Em-

press Frederick, Wellington, Brougham, queens, royal duchesses, emperors, English and Continental notabilities follow one another in bewildering array, each with a story to tell to the quiet wife and mother. The book abounds in piquancy, and the explanation of little details which every page spontaneously reveals throws new light on many a half-understood passage of history. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Subtlety is seldom the note of a book written in English, and E. L. Voynich's "An Interrupted Friendship" will have extraordinary novelty for those unfamiliar with the author's former novels. For those acquainted with them, the newcomer will seem unusual, inasmuch as the physical suffering with which it abounds is chiefly borne by the blameless, instead of by persons to whose pain the natural man was at best indifferent. The general effect of those stories was to leave one cynically calm, and perfectly willing that any or all of the characters should undergo "something painful in boiling oil." The chief characters of "An Interrupted Friendship" are a French Marquis upon whom the Revolution has left its mark in memories of terror; his daughter, crippled in babyhood by the carelessness of a stupid servant, and a conspirator with his body transformed into an engine of torture by the ingenuity of various police and military officials. About these tragic figures are grouped the son of the marquis, a delicately honorable, exquisitely sensitive young man, reared in England in ignorance of his sister's misfortune but devoted to her from the moment of its revelation to him, and silently spending the best years of his life in the endeavor to give her proper medical treatment, and a multitude of utterly innocent virtuous marplots whose piety is entirely ineffective in this world, and no one of these hapless creatures understands

the others. The tale begins quietly enough and slowly submerges the reader in quicksands of calamity whence there is no rescue, and above which broods an unlifting fog of mystery; and not once does the author's hold relax, not once is a character inconsistent, or weakly characterized, although not one is described completely, much less in minute details. Only Mrs. Voynich can produce this effect, which is much more powerful than that of Count Tolstoy's angry complaints against fate and faithful policemen. Mrs. Voynich does not implore the wrath of Heaven against those who cause the suffering; she simply exhibits the immense field of its ramifications. The reader makes the invocation to relieve his mind. The Macmillan Company.

The revival of the morris-dance, carefully adorned with a capital initial, for the confusion of counsel, has turned the attention of the casual antiquary to the days of Elizabeth, and Mr. Henry Thew Stevenson's "The Elizabethan People" will be more widely and intelligently read than it would have been had it appeared earlier, but, in any case, it could hardly have been neglected. No man with an imagination refrains from commending such a book to his neighbors, and one commendation suffices for such a volume. Naturally, the book abounds in descriptions of customs, but the author's purpose is to show the temperament in which those customs were bred; the rough, coarsely jesting, spendthrift, brave, not too industrious Elizabethan holiday keeper and breaker of fasts, to whom everyday and all day brought amusement and material for good talk from the crowd of other moving specks in the stream of life. It must be owned that while reading this descriptive work one perceives that one is more nearly akin in spirit to the least

of the little ones among the newly civilized races than to this impressive ancestral figure and this is not a little humiliating. In this illuminating humiliation lies the very great value of the work to simple folk who, without being scholars, love knowledge and reverence wisdom. The shock of being compelled to see that instead of affection for Amyas Leigh, Francis Drake, Salvation Yeo, scorn of Leicester, and pity for Amy Robsart one has been cherishing a sentimental attachment for one's own twentieth century self, disguised in Elizabethan clothes, is a good lesson. After accepting it, one reads Mr. Stephenson again. "The Elizabethan People" is illustrated by many portraits in which the author carefully indicates marked features of costume; and by pictures of games, curious buildings and interiors, and in almost every one examination will disclose interesting details bearing upon subjects quite remote from the point which the picture is especially intended to illuminate. Indeed, the pictures repay long study. The author modestly says that his book is intended to be no more than a foot note to the great Elizabethan writings, but it is a warrant of admission to a new world, and moreover it will thoroughly cure any mistaken soul who has vaguely regretted that he was not born into the England of those great writings. All the magnificence of the Elizabethan intellectual product would be but poor compensation for the hourly discomforts, the almost incessant shocks to charity and decency. One sees not only her subjects and her realm but Elizabeth herself in a new light when one closes the volume and turns his back forever on the merry England of his uninstructed fancy and criticism of Elizabethan work. He does not deny its merriment but he prefers to meet only the select company of his favorite authors in future. Henry Holt & Co.

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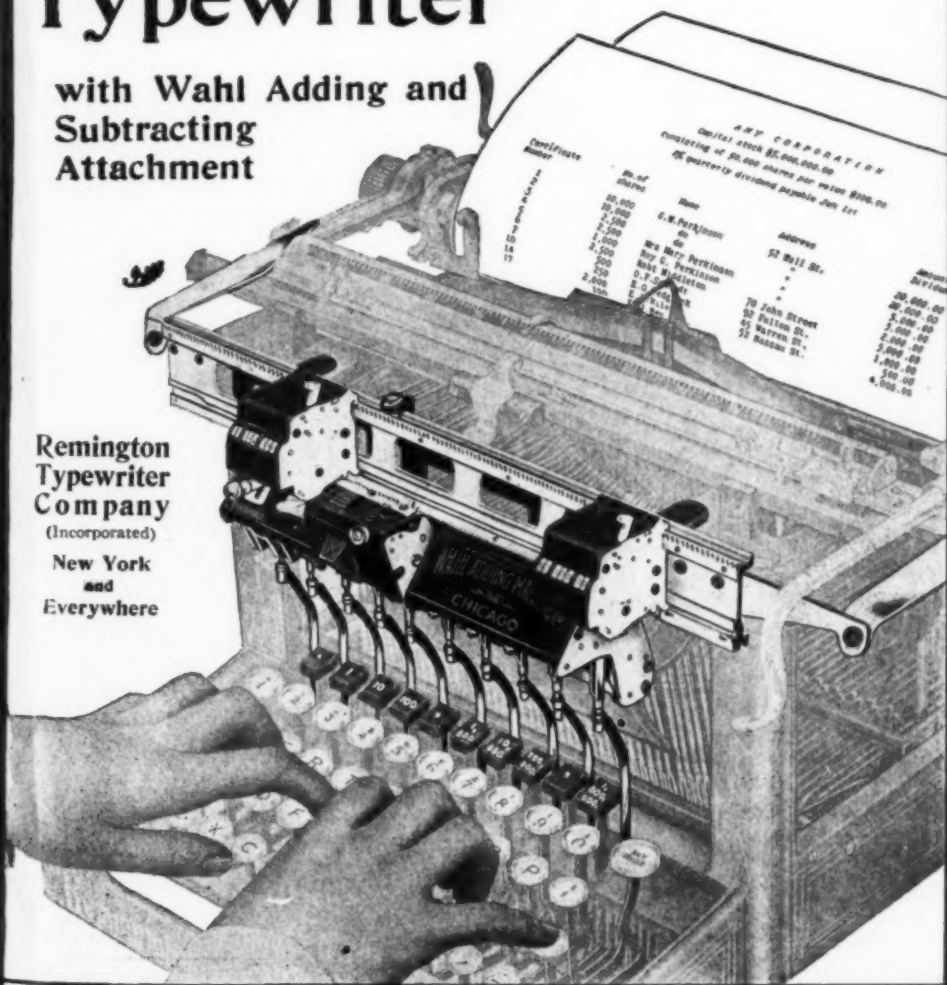
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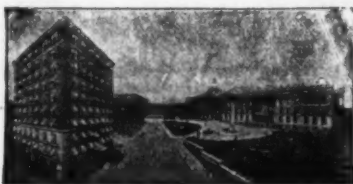
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